

THE
RIVAL FOOLS.
A
COMEDY.

As it is Acted at the
THEATRE-ROYAL
IN
DRURY-LANE

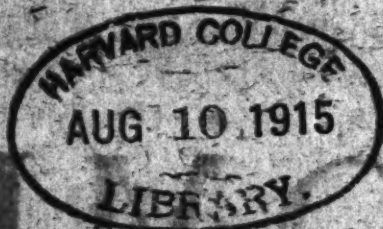
BY
Her MAJESTY's Sworn Comedians.

Written by Mr. CIBBER.

LONDON:

Printed for BERNARD LINTOTT at the Cross-Keys, between
the Two Temple Gates in Fleetstreet.

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Lane fund

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Presented by Mr. Cresser

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PROLOGUE.

FROM sprightly Fletcher's loose Confed'rate Muse,
 Th' unfinish'd Hints of these light Scenes we chuse,
 For with such careless haste his Play was writ,
 So unperus'd each thought of started Wit;
 Each Weapon of his Wit so lamely fought,
 That 'twou'd as scanty on our Stage be thought,
 As for a modern Belle my Grannum's Pericoat.
 So that from th' Old we may with Justice say,
 We scarce cou'd cull the Trimming of a Play.
 All cou'd be made on't is but Dillhabille,
 'Tis loosely light, all Falbala and Frille:
 No Set-dress Morals form'd in't to affright you
 From the dear modish Follies that delight you.
 Unblushing Vice in fairest Form may lurk,
 Nor fear the smart of our keen Satyr's Jerk:
 Husbands and Wives to separate Joys may steal,
 And mutual Rage their mutual Shame reveal;
 Or more to top the Fashion, sin in private,
 And mutual Guilt, their mutual Shame connive at:
 The flaming Beau may rattle through the Streets,
 And pay with Privilege the Trades-man's Debts;
 While Souse at Home, whose Fondness has undone her,
 Her Jewels Pawn for Sharper's Debts of Honour:
 Sharpers from Bubbles too Estates may find,
 And keep the Coaches that they've rid behind.
 Our Chiefs abroad may mount the Winter Trench,
 While Grooms at Home with Wagers back the French:
 Parties 'gainst Parties too may strain the Laws,
 And each pretend their Country is their Cause;
 When if their Murmurings secret Spring you Trace,
 'Tis who enjoys, not who acts Wrong in place;
 For when disputed Profit's not i'th way,
 You see how nicely Points are lost by th' Opera.
 No, faith! All sorts of Men, and Manners may
 From these safe Scenes go unreprou'd away.
 From late Experience taught we slight th' old Rule
 Of Profit with Delight: This Play's — All Fool,
 So clear of Sense, and garnish'd with Grimace,
 That wisely it depends for its Success
 On dangling Bullock's Grin, and Pinky's Face.
 But if their bumble Jest shou'd fail to win ye,
 We beg some Grace for Signior Cibberini.

EPIDIOLOGUE.

Pinkethman taking Bullock by the Sleeve, speaks.

Pin. **HOLD!** Hold! Sir Bullock! You must stay, dear Rogue,
And tack a Rhime or two to th' Epilogue. }

Bul. Pho! Pox! not I; beside, your Jests are more in Vogue.
If I don't think you're best alone, then rack me.

Pin. Ay, but you know — I'm better — with an Ass to back me.

Bul. O! Sir, for that, you'll find, indeed, dear Brother,
That's but one Ass's backing of another:
Now tho' the Jest is stale, of Asss bestridden,
It may be new to see the Rider ridden.

[Tripps up his Heels, and bestrides him.]

Pin. Odsheart! the Dog will murther me —

Bul. ————— No, no;

I'm only backing of my Friend, or so:

Now, pray Sirs, tell me, did you e'er see a Face,

[Shewing it to the Audience.]

In every Circumstance more like an Ass?

And is't not just, that I shou'd now keep down,

The Ass that has so often rid the Town?

But that thou may'st hereafter grow more Wise —

Heyday! What now? — [Pin. struggling.]

Pin. ————— I'll tell you when I rise?

[Throws Bul. over his Head, and mounts on him.]

Bul. Ods me! the Beast has thrown me —

Pin. ————— Dawn, Rogue, dawn:

Thus Rightful Monarchs Re-ascend their Throne.

So have I seen, and with as little Rant,

Britains and French march Into Towns and Out:

And thus by sudden Turns of good and ill Luck,

Victorious Pinky strides the Conquer'd Bullock.

But now, to let you see your Conqueror's Vertue,

Tho', Slave, I have you down — I scorn to hurt you.

Bul. Well, well, I yield: Tet all this mighty do,

But proves, that I'm an Ass as well as You. [Pin.]

- Pin. *Thus the sole Glory we in Victors see,
Is first to make Men Slaves, then set 'em Free.
Get up you Puppy*——
- Bul. *Well, now let's agree. [Rises.
And as you first propos'd, befriend the Play.*
- Pin. *That's true—— Grant, Gallants, but your Smiles to Day,
And your Petitioners shall ever pray :*
- Bul. *That every Lover to these Scenes inclin'd,
May the same Favour from his Mistress find.*
- Pin. *May all the married Dames preserve their Spouses,
From Drink, late Hours, and ill reputed Houses.*
- Bul. *May no ripe Virgin here, past Twenty tarry,
But the first Swain, that Woes her, Love, and Marry.*
- Pin. *Widows that flameless lie, like unstirr'd Fire,
Be blown by Younger Brothers to Desire.*
- Bul. *May you, that keep no Cows, that is, won't marry,
Skim the sweet Cream-bowls of your Neighbour's Dairy.*
- Pin. *May all you, Soldiers, that have lain in Trenches,
Good Winter-Quarters find, and soft—— sound Wenchies.*
- Bul. *The Beaux still make Subscriptions for the Fair,
And each Presented Ticket cure Despair.*
- Pen. *Each Fair Nymph's Love, that's now abroad in Wars,
Come laden Home, with His—— and Her Arrears.*
- Bul. *May all the Gamesters make their Bubbles pay,
And daily noint 'em for their Itch of Play.*
- Pin. *Each Miss that pays her only Half-Crown duly,
Be ten-fold re-imburs'd it by a Cully :*
- Bul. *And may those Cullies, whom their Charms so Urge-on,
Ne'er find Occasion after for a Surgeon.*
- Pin. *So may these Wishes wait on all that say,
In hearty Claps, they will support the Play,
And Cram the House, upon the Author's Day.*

Dramatis

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

Sir Oliver Outwit,
Young Outwit,
Cunnigham,
Sir Gregory Goose,
Samuel Simple,
Sir Threadbare Gentry,
Priscian,

Mr. Pinketbman.
Mr. Wilks.
Mr. Booth.
Mr. Bullock.
Mr. Gibber.
Mr. Pack.
Mr. Keene.

W O M E N.

Lucinda Niece to Sir Oliver,
Mirabel,
Governess,
Lady Gentry,

Mrs. Oldfield.
Mrs. Porter.
Mrs. Willis.
Mrs. Finch.

The Rival Fools.

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE *Sir Oliver's House.*

Enter Sir Oliver Outwit, and Y. Outwit.

Y. Out. **S**IR, I'm no Boy, I have been at Age this Half-year.
Sir Ol. Why then, Sir, you have been fit to
live by your Wits these two Years.

Y. Out. Wits, Sir!

Sir Ol. Wits, Sir, ay, Wits, Sir! and a very good Allowance too; I shall be sorry to find I have spent my Time in getting a Fool, thou know'st all I have was got by my Wits. And canst thou own thy self so degenerate, as to tell me thou want'st Money at thy Years? why I never offer'd to tell my Father so from a School-boy.

Y. Out. You had very good Luck, sure Sir; pray how did you live?

Sir Ol. Why, as a Gentleman shou'd live, by my Wits, Sir.

Y. Out. There are indeed a great many such Gentlemen about the World, Sir; but Men of Honour and Fortune call 'em Sharppers and Scoundrels.

Sir Ol. 'Pshaw! some few rich Fools that have paid for their Experience of good Company may rail at 'em perhaps (Losers must have leave to speak you know) but we that are wiser know the Use and Value of an ingenious Man.

Y. Out. Well, Sir, since you own you have made a plentiful Estate by your Ingenuity, I hope you will let your Posterity be the better for't.

B

Sir Ol. Ay,

Sir Ol. Ay, ay, that I will; why thou shalt have my very original Receipt to make such another Fortune by.

Y. Out. Pray, let's hear it, Sir.

Sir Ol. Why, Sir, I had no sooner brush'd into the World, but the first Degree I took in thriving, was to lye close Intelligence for wenching; cou'd give this Lord, or that rich Citizen a true Catalogue of all the Maidenheads between *Charing-Cross* and *Aldgate*, how many lay amongst Chambermaids, how many in the Exchange (tho' very few there I must confess); and how many at the Boarding School.

Y. Out. But, Sir, — in our Age this is called Pimping.

Sir Ol. Sirrah! I got many a round Sum by it, when my Father wou'd not give me a Groat — Then, Sir, — I was in with all the Top Gamesters, and when there was a fat Squire to be fleec'd, I had my Office among them too, and tho' I say it, was one of the neatest Operators about Town.

Y. Out. Why, this was turning downright Sharper, Sir.

Sir Ol. Turning a Penny, Sirrah! I liv'd, I liv'd! did not I live Fool? I busied, I stirr'd, I was as busie as a Bee, had all the World to rove in, and cull'd a Maintenance from every Flower; traverse, make Honey, Sirrah, and when you've tasted it, confess with me, that stolen Sweets are best.

Y. Out. And was this your Course of Life, Sir?

Sir Ol. Till I grew old and pursie, and then I grew in Men's Opinions too, and Confidences; then they began to put things called Executorships upon me, the Charge of Orphans, little harmless Animals, that I chuck'd under the Chin, and bound out to Feltnakers and Fishmongers, to make 'em lose, and work away their Gentry, disguis'd their tender Natures with hard Custom, and so in time brought 'em to an utter Ignorance of what they were born to.

Y. Out. Well, Sir suppose I shou'd get leave of my Conscience to resolve upon this Course of Life, what Security have you, that I shall n't make ev'n you the first Example of my Ingenuity?

Sir Ol. Ah! do that and thou'lt win my Heart for ever: No, no, that were too great a Comfort to expect thou should'st gull me: Alas! I'm a great way out of thy depth, I can't hope for that Blessing these three Years.

Y. Out.

Y. Out. Since you provoke me I'll try in two Hours for all that [*Aside.*] You'll part with nothing then at present, Sir.

Sir Ol. Not a single Tester.

Y. Out. If a Man shou'd ask you Blessing, Sir, in this Humour I suppose you'd refuse him.

Sir Ol. Let me but hear thou livest by thy Wits once, and thou shalt make thy own Terms with me. Let me first have a Proof, that if I shou'd give thee Land thou hast Wit enough to keep it: If not, thou art no Son of mine — Then prithee why shou'd I support thee? And now thou know'st my Humour — vanish, vanish, — and never let me see that uncomfortable Face of thine, till thou canst shew me a Shilling of thy own getting.

Y. Out. Sir, I'll endeavour to deserve your good Opinion.

[*Exit.*]

Sir Ol. The sooner, Sir, the better — Ah! if one cou'd but recal Youth again, what a sweet Penny might a Man make of his Experience? But I'm too old now, and reduc'd, I fear, to the last ingenious Exploit, I shall ever be able to go through with: If I can marry my Neece to Sir Gregory Goose, and by that means secure one fourth of her Fortune to my own use, which he has compounded for, I'll e'en shake Hands with the World, give over Business, and when I can cheat no longer, turn honest, and fall fast asleep in my great Chair.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir, here's Sir Gregory Goose desires to speak with you.

Sir Ol. Shew him up, I'll wait upon him in an instant. [*Exit.*]

Enter Sir Gregory Goose, and Cuningham.

Sir Greg. Well, dear Cuningham! I wish I may never laugh again, if thou art not the pleasantest Companion that ever Gentleman took a Fancy to — Prithee go on with thy Story, for I durst lay my Life thou wipest this foolish Knight's Nose of his Mistress at last. Prithee go on.

Cun. Did ever Gudgeon bite so greedily? And so, Sir, as I told you, finding my self desperately in love with this Lady, and ten thousand times more so, when I heard she was to be married to another; I saw at last there was no hope of my ever speaking a word to her, but by ev'n tacking my self as a mis-

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able Companion to the Impertinent Coxcomb, that I knew was design'd for her Husband.

Sir Greg. Ha, ha! Well I swear that was so archly contriv'd: What, and so this coxcombly Fool of a Rival took thee along with him to visit her! ha, ha, ha.

Cun. I vow, Sir Gregory, your Apprehension is so quick, there's no surprizing you with any thing.

Sir Greg. Ha, ha! I knew I shou'd smock the Jest; but that senseless Rogue of a Rival, that cou'd think a Man of thy Ingenuity wou'd keep Company with a Fool for nothing.

Cun. Right, Sir, but if there were no Fools you know, half the Wits of the World wou'd be starv'd.

Sir Greg. Faith! and that's true again; and therefore what a Comfort it is when we ingenious Men take a Friendly Care of one another — But here comes the old Knight my Unkle in Law.

Enter Sir Oliver.

Sir Ol. Sir Gregory Goose, I am your most humble Servant; Is this Gentleman your Friend, Sir?

Sir Greg. I am his Friend, Sir Oliver, and that's much at one, you know.

Sir Ol. Sir, he's welcome — May I crave his Name?

Sir Greg. Young *Cunningham*, a *Norfolk* Gentleman, one that has liv'd among our Family of the *Gooses* ever since I can't tell how long; we all strive to have him; between you and I, Sir, he's such a devillish pleasant Cur of a Wit, that some of our Name have gone to law for him — and now it happens to be my Turn to have him: Not but, as most Wits are, he's consumed chargeable, tho' I can part with him when I have a mind to it; I only use him at present by way of giving my self an Air or so, till my Marriage is over, and then I'll have nothing to do with Wit as long as I live. — Well, but where's this Neice of yours, old Unkle-in-Law, that shall be? When will she be visible — for you don't suppose I'll buy a Pig in a Poke sure? Prithce let's ogle her a bit.

Sir Ol. You'll pardon my Caution, Sir, she has been us'd to restraint; had she been easie to be seen, perhaps you had never seen her; there's many a beggarly Thing call'd a n't like your Honour, many a poor Lord that lies in wait for her, and then flap, at the first Dash she's a Countess, and undone; it has been

been many a poor young Womans Misfortune! This whets him to her. [*Aside.*]

Sir Greg. O law! What is she so cruel handsom then? Dear Sir, pray let's clap up the Wedding immediately: Are you sure she is not stollen already — Hark! hark!

Sir Ol. What's the matter?

Sir Greg. Every Coach that goes by, as I'm alive goes to the Heart of me: Are you sure she's in the House, Sir?

Sir Ol. That Doubt, Sir, shall be eas'd immediately — Who's there? Desire my Neice to walk hither — And now I think on't, Sir Gregory you shall give her a Taste of your Wit before you see her, we'll have a little Sport with her.

Sir Greg. O dear, how, pray? Pray let's have it, for I love Sport cruelly.

Sir Ol. Why thus, Sir, when my Niece comes in, you shall hide behind the Arras, and I'll present your Friend to her in your stead, if your Friend will do us the Favour to stand for you.

Sir Greg. Pshaw! He shall stand for any thing, why, his Supper lies in my Breeches here; by this Light he shall fast else.

Sir Ol. Then, Sir, when he has spoken the Prologue to your Love, up flies the Curtain, and out start you, the very Play it self; how will she be dazled then; how will she blush, and frown, and smile again, then laugh, and own her self to be wooed, and won victoriously.

Sir Greg. Well! I'll say it, this will be the curiouslest Fun in the World.

Sir Ol. Hift! Here she comes — To your Post, Sir.

Sir Greg. O lay! Now shall I bite my Lips through for fear of laughing.

[*Exit.*]

Sir Ol. I'm given to understand you are a Wit, Sir.

Cum. I am one that Fortune shews but small Favour to, Sir.

Sir Ol. Good — And to tell you the Truth, I am taken with a Wit, Sir.

Cum. Fowlers catch Woodcocks so: Don't shew a Wit your weak Side, Sir.

Sir Ol. Hah! A smart Fellow, faith, — h'ad rather lose his Dinner than his Jest. — I say, Sir, I love a Wit the best of all Things.

Cun. Always except your self, Sir.

Sir Ol. Hah! he has bobb'd me twice now, all in a Breath. But here comes my *Niece*— you know your business with her.

Cun. With a Woman, Sir, 'tis e'en the very same it was Five thousand Years ago; no Fool can miss it.

Sir Ol. Mum.

Enter Niece and Governess.

Niece you must give me leave to recommend this Gentleman to your Affection.

Cun. Don't mock me, *Fortune*. [*Aside.*

Sir Ol. How do you like him— Hum, hum. [*Laughs. Aside.*

Niece. What means this Riddle, *Cunningham*? [*Aside.*] As he is your Choice, Sir, I can't but give him welcome.

Sir Ol. To her, to her, Man— Ha, ha.

Cun. I hope, Madam, your good Nature will put a right Construction on this Attempt to see you, tho' had I time to tell you how, you'd find it more my *Fortune's* doing than my Forwardness.

Niece. I must humour this to find the Rife on't. [*Aside.*] As you are my Unkle's Choice, Sir, I give you a sincere and hearty Welcome: What he commands me I shall ever chearfully obey.

Cun. You heard he did command you.

Sir Ol. Ha, ha, the Rogue does it rarely.

Niece. And therefore, Sir, I yield my Hand—

Cun. Your Lip— [*Kisses her.*

Niece. And may in time my Heart. [*Kisses her Hand.*

Sir Ol. Hold, hold, Sir, your part goes a little too far—not so feelingly.

Cun. My Joys are Mockeries— doubly so I fear; for all she said might be as well the Act of her Obedience, as real Inclination— If she has Love, I have a Thought will search it. [*Aside.*

Sir Ol. Ha, ha, Well, *Niece*, and so you really think him a very pretty Fellow?

Niece. Sir, from my Heart I thank you for him: Had my own Eye been set at liberty to make a publick Choice, it cou'd not have done more to please my Heart, than your Indulgence has.

Sir Ol. Nay then, Girl, what wilt thou say, when I shew thee him I've really chosen— Alas! poor *Niece*! this is but

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but the Scabbard of the Man I mean for thee; but now I draw the shining Blade shall glitter in thy Eyes, and pierce thee thro'.

Niece. What mean you, Sir?

Sir Ol. What! ho! Sir Gregory, Approach my Lad of Thousands.

Enter Sir Gregory, strutting.

Sir Greg. Who calls me?

Niece. What Motion's this! What Limber-Jointed-Baby! Why he moves by Wires, Sir! A meer Wooden-Tumbler. I have seen Children play with such.

Sir Ol. Don't be a Fool, I tell you this is the Gentleman.

Niece. This! Fie, Sir! When I was a Girl you us'd to bring me home a prettier Husband than this upon the Outside of a Sugar-Cake.

Sir Ol. Is the Devil in thee—— Speak to her, Sir Gregory.

Sir Greg. Ay, now you shall see, I'll fetch her about presently, Madam, I—— I——

Niece. Wou'd you speak with me, Sir?

Sir Greg. Speak with you, Sir!

Niece. Have you any thing to say, Sir?

Sir Greg. Hoity Toity! You are so snap, and so short, Forsooth: Why what a Duce do People use to speak to Folks, and have nothing to say to 'em?

Niece. Nay there are such Fools, Sir, but perhaps you are of another Sort: But, however, let me hear what you have to say, and if I don't give you a very particular odd sort of Answer, say I am no Woman: Come, come, let's hear what you have to say?

Sir Greg. Bibble, Babble, why your Tongue runs so fast, Madam, that you won't let mine put in a Syllable.

Niece. Who I, Sir, I am dumb.

Sir Greg. Why then I say, Madam——

Niece. I know what you wou'd say, Sir——

Sir Greg. What the Devil before I open my Mouth.

Niece. Why then Sir, to please you, I do not know what you wou'd say.

Sir Greg. Very well! Why then I say that a—— I gad I don't know what I was going to say my self now.

Sir Ol. Don't provoke me, Hussy, for once more I tell you this is the Gentleman.

Niece.

Niece. O pray Sir, don't impose on me so grossly: This is the Man, I'm sure, you really mean for me.

Sir Ol. Oones! you won't persuade me out of my Senses, will you?

Cun. Now to try her home. [*Aside.*]

Niece. Look you, Uncle, I'll allow you have Wit and manage a Jest as well as any Man of your Years; but when an Humour grows stale, you know, you should really give it over.

Sir Ol. What the Devil shall I do with her?

Cun. [*To the Gov.*] I never saw Comeliness and good Humour join'd before.

Gov. Nay, dear sweet Sir, how can you offer these Words to an old Gentlewoman?

Niece. Sir, if you are not busie—— [*To Cun.*]

Gov. Why how now Boldface! Is that your Manners to interrupt a Gentleman when he's private.

Niece. Sir——

Cun. Away Fifteen, here's Fifty one's worth Fifteen hundred of thee.

Gov. Why get you gone, I say—— These giddy Girls are so vain there's no giving 'em a reasonable Answer.

Cun. Ay, ay, give me Years and Understanding, the Impertinence of Youth's intolerable: Come, come, ne'er disguise it, I know you are a teeming Woman yet.

Gov. Ay, in troth, a handsome young Gentleman might do such, I think, Sir.

Cun. Did not I tell you for——

Gov. And I shou'd play my part, I believe, or I were ungrateful.

Niece. This Neglect's intolerable. [*Aside.*] I will move him or remove him—— Sir——

Cun. Your Pardon, Madam—— I'm really a little busie.

Niece. Insolent—— If I am not ev'n with him——

Sir Ol. Why did not I tell thee, Child, this was none of thy Gentleman—— Now we have nettled the Baggage.

Sir Greg. Ay, Madam, was not you told before, that I was the Person that you were to set your Heart upon.

Niece. Sir, let me ask a thousand Pardons. 'Twas the Error of my Obedience, not my Judgment. Pray let me view the Gentleman nearer, Uncle, I scarce have seen him yet, I only

only humm'd him over at first, as Lawyers do a Bill in *Chancery*. Where were my Eyes! upon my Life a handsome Gentleman; agreeable now I distinctly read him.

Sir Greg. [*Strutting.*] Tum, tum, [*Sings.*

Niece. Say he be a little too shambling in his Gate, a Dancing-Master will soon bring that to an easie Negligence, that all your fine Gentlemen are so fond of: Well drest, strait Limbs, and two manly Calves, (if they are but his own) that look as if they wou'd not shrink at the ninth Child.

Sir Greg. Tum, rum, dum.

Niece. A Voice too, surprising!

Sir Greg. Tum, tum, dum. [*Louder.*

Niece. Where was my Judgment?

Sir Greg. Tum, tum, dum.

Niece. Well I shall be the happiest Woman breathing. Pray Sir make my Peace with him: I am under all the Confusion in the World, to think I cou'd receive him so rudely.

Sir Ol. D'ye hear, Sir Greg? D'ye hear? D'ye hear? all's over; she begs your pardon: Stick to her: Close, close, you Wag, and don't give her a Moment's time to cool again.

Cun. [*Aside.*] Confusion! but to shew my self concern'd might ruin me.

Sir Greg. Madam, I am the very humblest of your Footballs; and I wish I may never be married, Madam, if I am not sorry for your Sorrow: But if ever I trust that old Gentleman's Wit, to play the Fool with any Mistress of mine again, I'll give you leave to call me a *Rhinoceros*. And now we are Friends, Madam, let's e'en join Hands, and revenge our selves upon that Rogue *Cunningham*, that had like to have set us together by the Ears: I'll spoil his Markets with the old Gentlewoman, I warrant you.

Niece. With all my Heart, Sir.

Sir Oli. Well, Sir, do you thrive? how goes your Suit forward.

Cun. Soft and fairly Sir— I'm taking measure of the Widow's Mind, and hope to fit a Man to it shortly.

Gov. Who wou'd have dreant of a young Morfel at this Time of Day? to see how unlook'd for Things will happen.

Sir Greg. Widow, don't trust him Widow, he's a younger Brother; he will swear, and lie like a *French-Gazette*; he has

not one Shilling in the World, and lives upon his Impudence like an *Observer*.

Gov. And I tell you, Sir, he brings more Content to a Woman with that Nothing, than he that brings his Thousands with a false Heart.

Niece. Give you Joy of your good Fortune, Sir, ha, ha.

Sir Ol. And pray, Sir, make my House your own; I see you are a Man of Wit, Sir, and I honour you.

Cun. Sir, I thank you—— Come, Widow, now,

To closer Converse let's retire,

And rake the Embers of Desire.

[*Exeunt.*

Niece. So! he's resolv'd to stand it, I see.

[*Exit.*

Enter Y. Outwit, Sir Threadbare-Gentry, and Priscian.

Y. Out. Are we all fit?

Sir Tbr. To a Hair, Sir.

Y. Out. And are you perfect, Doctor *Priscian*?

Pris. *Ad unguem, Domine.*

Y. Out. Very well; but will your Conscience bate nothing, say you, of a whole Share for your Wife, when she does nothing for't?

Sir Tbr. Look you, Sir, my Wife's ready, had she been called, and, like a Soldier, expects her Pay, whether she fights or not.

Pris. Faith, for these five Years, *Ego possum probare*, I have had a hungry starving Share with 'em, and she has always had an equal Share with me.

Y. Out. What! Present, or not present?

Pris. *Residens, aut non residens, per fidem.*

Y. Out. Prithee, my Dear *Propria quæ maribus*, hold your Tongue, or I'll depose you from half your Share presently: Tho' your *Hic & bac Turpis*, & *qui miki Discipulus* Brains, (that never got any thing but by Accident and Uncertainty) allow'd her Share, must I do it, that bring you grounded Conclusions of Wit; hereditary Rules from my Father to get by?

Sir Tbr. Sir, if you talk till Domesday, my Wife must have her Share.

Y. Out. The Rogues find I can't do without 'em, and I must comply?

Sir Tbr. Are you content?

Y. Out.

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Y. Out. I must be, it seems ——— Odds! here comes my Father. *Priscian*, you beg first; take care you don't blunder now, for he has some Ends of *Latin*, I can tell you ——— but don't fear him; if I find you are stuck, I'll pop in to relieve you. [*Exit.*

Enter Sir Oliver, and Sir Gregory.

Sir Ol. 'Plhaw, *Nephew*, (for so I'll venture to call you now) if you have met with no greater Discouragement than what you mention, your Business is done, Sir, she's your own.

Sir Greg. Faith, Sir, I told you the worst; for I put her fairly to't, and felt her, as far as I durst, and her strongest Repulse was, that she said she wish'd there were a little more of the Soldier in me, that, upon occasion, I might have Courage enough to beat a Rascal, for putting her into a Lampoon, or so.

Sir Ol. O that's but reasonable ——— why you are strong enough to break a Head, I believe?

Sir Greg. Why, Faith, I believe I cou'd, if a Fellow were to stand fair, and I were pretty sure he wou'd not strike again.

Sir Ol. Can't you practice a little upon a Tavern-Drawer, or a Box-keeper at the Play-House?

Sir Greg. O no! hang 'em, they are such silver-tongu'd Rogues there's no fixing a single saucy Word upon 'em: But if Courage were to be sold, I'm sure I have a Heart that wou'd give as much for't as e'er a Gentleman that Blows.

Sir Ol. Breaths, breaths, that's the properer Phrase, Sir.

Sir Greg. Blows, I say, Blows for a Soldier, Sir.

Sir Ol. Ay, for a Soldier, I grant you.

Sir Greg. 'Slid I'll swallow a whole Bushel of Bullets, and good round ones too, but I'll have something of the Soldier in me.

Sir Ol. Will you on and beg, or steal and be hang'd.

Sir Greg. A little of the Schollar too, he hinted; but I told her, Learning was not a thing for a Gentleman to trouble his Head about.

Pris. *Salvete Domini benignissimi, munificentissimi.*

Sir Ol. *Salvete dicis ad nos?* ——— *Subeo te salvere.* Nay, Sir, we have *Latin* in us, and other Mettal too: Now, Sir, you shall see me talk with this Fellow.

Sir Greg. 'Ad! I could find in my Heart to talk with him too, if I cou'd but understand him.

Pris. Charissimi doctissimiq; Domini, ex abundantia caritatis vestre, estote propitii in me jejunum, pauperem, miserum, & omni consolatione exulem.

Sir Ol. Upon my Faith, Sir, a very deep Schollar! but I'll to him agen.

Sir Greg. Pray, Sir, does he beg or steal in this Language? or what? why he may call one Fool, for ought I know, and a Man never the wiser.

Sir Ol. He begs, he begs, Sir.

Pris. Ecce Domine; Ecce in oculis lacrymarum flumen, in ore fames, sitisq; & in omni parte necessitas, & indigentia.

Sir Ol. *Audi tu bonus foris: tu es scholasticus, sic intelligo. Ego faciam Argumentum*—— Now mind, Sir, now I'll fetch him up, you shall see—— A hum, a hum.

Sir Greg. Well, I have been fetch'd up an hundred times for this, and yet cou'd never learn half so much.

Sir Ol. *Audi, & responde; hoc est Argumentum! Nomen est Nomen, Ergo, Quid est tibi Nomen? Responde nunc*—— Hum, hum—— *Responde Argumentum meum?* Now I put him to't, Sir.

Y. Out. [Peeping.] Step in, step in, the Rascal's out of his penn'd Speech, and can go no farther.

Sir Ol. *Cur non respondes, Domine?*

Pris. *Ob! Domine tanta mea est Miseria.*

Y. Out. Ol he's in again.

Pris. *Ut nocte tecum pernoctat Egestas, luce quotidie Paupertas habitat.*

Sir Ol. *Sed quod est tibi Nomen? & quis dedit, responde Argumentum.*

Pris. A hem, hem.

Y. Out. He's dry, he hems again, on quickly.

Enter Sir Threadbare.

Sir Thr. Courteous Gentlemen, if the Brow of a military Face may not be offensive to your generous Eye-balls, let his Wounds speak better than his Words, for some small Branch, or the least Sprig of Charity to be planted upon this poor barren Soil of a Soldier.

Sir Ol. Why, how now! What Arms and Arts both go a begging?

Sir Greg. Pray, let me give 'em something, and begone; for if any Dispute shou'd happen among us, I am able to answer neither of 'em; for this Iron and Steel Tongue of his is full as crabbed to me as t'other's Latin.

Sir Ol. Stay, stay, Sir, I'll talk with 'em a little first; let me alone with 'em, I'll examine both, I'll try whether they live by their Wits or no.

Sir Greg. Ay! if starving be living you may see they do.

Sir Ol. And what? Do you both beg together then?

Pris. *Conjunctis manibus profecto Domine.*

Sir Thr. With Equal Fortunes, Sir, equal Distribution, there's not the breadth of a Swords Point uneven in our Division.

Sir Greg. Well! to see what two rich Qualities are here cast away upon two poor Fellows? 'ad I warrant if a Man cou'd buy these Creatures now, and might but kill 'em, and boil 'em down to a Jelly, and take a Porringer of 'em fasting every Morning, they wou'd so strengthen ones Understanding that in a Months Time one might be fit for a Bishop, or a General.

Sir Ol. Come, Sir, join your Charity with mine, and we'll make 'em up a couple of Pence between us.

Sir Greg. Why, if a Man cou'd but have a Penny-worth for his Penny, I did not care how much I laid out with 'em.

Y. Out. Save you, Gentlemen! These Beggars are so troublesome there's no passing the Streets for 'em.

Sir Thr. Generous, Sir, do not despise our Misery, we were not born to beg!

Pris. *Ante obitum faelix nemo supremamq; Fata.*

Y. Out. Pray, Gentlemen, what are they?

Sir Ol. Faith, Sir, as you see *Mars* and *Mercury*, a couple of poor Planets that *Jupiter* has turn'd out of their Sphere to live by their Wits, and we were just about a Spark of Charity to kindle 'em a new Fire.

Y. Out. Hold, Sir! not but I commend your Design, but wou'd not have your Charity abus'd by the Undeserving. Which is he that professes the Soldier?

Sir Ol. He, Sir, that has liv'd to shame the World with his Profession, witness the dangerous and unrewarded Life he has led in it these pair of half score Years.

Y. Out.

Y. Out. In what Service have you been? — You'll pardon my Interruption, Gentlemen?

Sir Ol. Pray go on, Sir — you seem to understand 'em.

Sir Thr. The first Service, Sir, that flusht me a Soldier, was that memorable Battle at *Alcazar* in *Barbary*, where the noble English *Smully* fell; and where that royal Portugueze *Sebastian* ended his Life.

Y. Out. Um! This can be no Counterfeit.

Sir Ol. I don't think you'll find him one, Sir.

Y. Out. But, Sir, methinks, you don't shew the Marks of a Soldier! Have you brought home no Scars to be your Chronicle?

Sir Thr. Sir, I have Wounds, and many, but in those Parts, where Nature and Humanity bids me blush to expose 'em.

Y. Out. Come, Sir, I'll try your Scholar too, I'll see if he has Learning enough to deserve his being poor — You have the Languages, I presume, Sir; I mean the Chief, as Hebrew, Syriack, Greek, Latin, and so forth.

Pris. *Aliquantulum, non totaliter, Domine.*

Sir Ol. Nay, Sir, I have try'd him deep in the Latin, and indeed find him very well grounded — very well grounded.

Y. Out. Then, Sir, I'll touch him a little in the Greek.

Pris. *Kdi Tonkeros silligous Bambooslomenos.*

Y. Out. *Cheateron ton biton?*

Pris. *Tous Pollous Pursos Pickpockettos.*

Y. Out. Upon my Credit, Sir, a very great Master of the Greek.

Sir Ol. Why, I see it, Sir — There's a Bottom in him, the Man's deep.

Y. Out. I'll only trouble your Patience in a little Syriack, Sir — and then.

Sir Ol. O pray, Sir —

Y. Out. *Kircom sbag a dou matbell bedasb Bragmen.*

Pris. *Hasbagath, Rabgabosb sbobeth, Onoriadka.*

Y. Out. *Colpack, Rubasca, gnawerthem sbigsbag.*

Pris. *Napsbamothen, Ribsie, Bongomusb Catbemech Nagosol.*

Y. Out. Gentlemen, I have done, if any Man can go farther, I confess my self at a *Nonplus*.

Sir Greg. Not I, faith, Sir, I was at my Top in honest old English, I was never double Tongued, I thank my hard Fortune.

Y. Out. Faith, Gentlemen, 'tis pity (stand away a little, Friend.) I say, 'tis pittty Fellows so endow'd, so qualified with the Gifts of Nature and Arts shou'd have such a scarcity of Fortune's Benefits; is it not a Reproach think you, a shame to this Iron hearted Age?

Sir Ol. 'Tis so indeed, and a thousand Pities Men of their Parts shou'd want — When I do a thing I love to do it handsomely. — Come, Sir, here's my Groat.

Y. Out. For what, Sir?

Sir Ol. Sir, I love to see merit rewarded.

Y. Out. With a Groat, Sir? O! give 'em nothing, a thousand times rather give 'em nothing: For my part I own their Misfortunes have touch'd me deeper, and tho' I have little but my Wits to live by — Here, Friends, here's half I have in the World for you; four Angels to guide you to your Lodgings; a poor Gentleman's good Will at least.

Pris. Ah! *Gratias benignissime, Domine, gratias quantas possum maximas habeo.* [Seems to weep.]

Sir Ol. Sir Greg. This is but an indifferent Example for us.

Y. Out. Let me not live if the very Joy of their Relief does not draw the Tears into their Manly Eyes! I can't bear the shock. — Here, Gentlemen, there's the rest for you, take Purse and all, I'm sorry 'tis not full to serve you.

Sir Ol. We shall be undone! Now where's my Wit?

Sir Greg. Puh! Fox of Wit! when a Gentleman has Money, there, you ingenious Curs you, there's the Devil and all for you — Come! come, Sir Nunkle, down with your Dust — I have given 'em five Pieces.

Sir Ol. Why, then there's as many — I know the Value of a Man of Wit, Sir.

Sir Tbr. May Soldiers ever defend such Charities.

Pris. And Scholars pray for their Encrease.

Sir Ol. They may pray for you, Sir, you have mended the Scholars Commons to Day, I believe. — But hark you, Sir, you said you liv'd by your Wits; I can tell you if you are often troubled with these Fits of Bounty, you'll starve by your Understanding.

Y. Out.

Y. Out. I can't think so, Sir; the Seed of Virtue never wants a Harvest——Gentlemen, your humble Servant.

[Exit. Y. Out.

Sir Greg. Faith, Sir, I only gave mine to give my self an Air——For between you and I, a Man had as good light of a reasonable Thief, as a Beggar of an unreasonable Misery.

Re-enter Y. Outwit.

Odso! Here comes the Gentleman again, and I fancy 'tis to beg his Half back again.

Sir Ol. Like enough! Sharp's the word! we'll have half ours too.

Y. Out. D'e hear, Friends——I must beg your Pardon, here's a small Gold Crown, that lay conceal'd in my Fob, that I had like to have wrong'd you of—but now you have all I can assure you.

Sir Ol. Ahum! hum! Brush off! Brush off, this Fellow's bewitch'd.

Sir Greg. O silly shallow-brain'd Cur.

[Exit Sir Oliver and Sir Gregory.

Sir Thr. So here's ten Pieces for a Breakfast, Boys.

Y. Out. Pshaw! a Trifle! a By-blow, only for Mirth's sake! But we must have better Purchase, Lads! Now, I want a Fourth Person for another Project that I have ripen'd.

Sir Thr. My Wife's your Man, Sir.

Y. Out. Have you any Breeches for her?

Pris. Sir, she has worn nothing else since she was married I can witness, Figuratively speaking.

Sir Thr. Hold your Peace, Trope——But to speak truth, she does not fear the Crack of a Pistol; dares say Stand to a Grazier.

Pris. *Probatum fuit profecto Domine.*

Y. Out. Good! Let her be at the Rendezvous in her Masculine Gender. My Father has a young Nephew coming up from the University, whom he designs for Orders; Easy Master *Credulous Outwit*——we'll meet him at the Towns-end.

Sir Cbr. And rob him——

Y. Out. No, but he shall rob one of us, and that shall rob my Father of an hundred Pieces to bring him off, and make him thank me for taking so little: For there's the Ambition of my Wit, to live upon his Profest Wit, that has turn'd me out to live by my Wits.

Pris.

Pris. Cum hirandinis alis tibi regratulor.

Y. Out. A Man's Habit, a sham Bag of a hundred Pound, the Hour, the Place, the Action shall be at Night agreed on. And now my wise Father you shall find I'll put my slender Portion out to Interest; foil you even at your own Weapon.

*And to confirm your self in me Renate,
I'll prove at least my Wit's Legitimate.*

[Exeunt.]

The End of the First ACT.

ACT II. SCENE I.

SCENE *Sir Oliver's House.*

Enter Cuningham alone.

Cun. **W**AS ever Man so fairly caught in a Trap of his own baiting? No provok'd Wasp can be more troublesome than this old Stump of a Woman I have drawn after me; I thought to have made her my stalking Mare to *Lucinda*, and instead of that the Hag has clapt a Bit in my Mouth, and rides me like a Post Horse, and 'tis impossible to throw her; the sticks as close as a Saddle — I had no way to get a Minute out of her Company but by telling her I was troubled with a Diabetes. O! the Devil —

Enter Governess.

Gov. Why, how now, Sweeting — What a whole Half-hour from me? A young Man shou'd think every Minute a Month in love.

Cun. Why, so I do, my Bird — while I am in your curst Company.

[Aside.]

Gov. Eh! Bird! eh! if thou'lt be rul'd I'll build thee a comfortable (*smickering*) Nest, that will stand all Storms, you shall n't need to fear a Weather-wreck of your Fortune, and

D

one

one Day it may be Youngling Season too, and then I hope to have thee always near me.

Cun. A Pox of your Passion — But hark you, Sweeting! Prithce tell me, has my good Friend, Sir *Gregory*, any hopes of succeeding with his Mistress *Lucinda*?

Gov. No, by my Faith has not he, if you'll take my word for't; setting his Worship aside, in my Mind, he looks like a Fool.

Cun. Nay, faith, ne'er divide 'em for that matter, Fool and Worship are no such Strangers now-a-days; but my Meaning is, does she give any hearty Encouragement—To be plain have they as fair hopes of one another, as (*Cupid* blefs!) we have?

Gov. Troth, I don't perceive any such great Forwardness in her; he offer'd to kiss her to Day, and she laid him over the Face with her Fan, made his Eyes Water bitterly.—Tho' I wish your Friend, the Knight, better for your sake.

Cun. Why, I thank you, Bird — and cou'd wish with all my Heart, he were as strongly sure of her, as thou art of having me. [*Chucking her Chin.*]

Gov. Eh! if thou didst but speak thy Heart now! Eh! he shou'd speed ne'er the worse for't. And I'll tell you, Bird, (for we'll have no separate Secrets now) Mrs. *Lucinda*, my Charge, thinks well of you.

Cun. Of me! for what, prithce?

Gov. Why a — for my Sake, Child, she knows of your good Will to me, and therefore upon that account, Honey, has taken a liking to thee, when we get into a House of our own, Love, she'll give us a bit of Stuff, I believe, and if ever she lives to be Gossip, the Babe shall n't want a Coral, she says.

Cun. The Babe, quotha! it will be a hopeful Mandrake, without doubt, that springs from our Conjunction. [*Aside.*]

Gov. Ah! she designs such things for thee, if I durst but speak.

Cun. Nay, don't doubt my Secrecy, tell me.

Gov. Oh, fye! you must not make me tell what Women say behind Men's Backs, Child.

Cun. O! you must give me leave at least to give her Thanks for't.

Gov. No, no, that's my part; for you must consider, what she does for you is only for my sake.

Cun. This is excellent! [*Aside.*]

Gov.

Gov. If you shou'd tell all that I open to you, you'll shame us both; you may kiss your Hand to her at a distance, and blush, or so, but I'll allow no nearer Conference.

Cun. Hey day! you'd be jealous then!

Gov. Jealous! Marry! and there's no true Love without it; look you! if you'll be rul'd, and not make things common, in time I may tell you more.

Cun. Udso! your Lady! she'll see us.

Gov. 'Pshaw! no matter, she'll be pleas'd with it — our Familiarity is her Content.

Enter Niece and Simple.

Niece. This from Sir Gregory, Sir?

Sim. Yes, Madam — She's a very pretty Creature. [*Aside.*

Niece. Do you belong to him, Sir?

Sim. Yes, Madam — a-hem! she's a fine Woman, indeed.

[*Aside.*

Niece. Pray, Sir, in what Capacity? — How the Fellow eyes me!

[*Aside.*

Sim. Madam, I am but his Gentleman — a-hem! [*Sets himself.*

Niece. And pray, Sir, what might be his Conceit in sending me this wrought Handkercher? — Still so close! [*Aside.*

[*Seeing Cun. and Gov.*

Sim. His Conceit, Madam, was, that as that happy Handkercher enfolds your snowy Neck all Day, so he desires all Night to embrace it with his Knightly Arms — a-hem!

Niece. A notable Conceit, I promise you.

Sim. Madam, he has been cudgelling his Brains these two Hours, to find a Present worthy your Ladyships Acceptance — Madam, he was once sending a very fine Puppy to you.

Niece. That, he might have brought himself. — Ha! he seems to observe me! This Fellow may be of use. — I'll fit you, Sir. [*Aside.*

Gov. Pray mind me, Honey! you do nothing but stare upon her, I think.

Cun. No, indeed, I was only observing, that finical Coxcomb, that Fool yonder.

Gov. Don't tell me! what need you look upon the Fool, when I'm here?

Cun. How familiar the Rascal is? [*Aside.*

Sim. By the World, I believe she likes me! [*Aside.*

Niece. Come, come, ne'er disguise it! this Present was above your Master's Fancy, I know it; your Wit had a Hand in't, I'm positive.

Sim. O pray, Madam. [*Affecting a Blush.*]

Niece. Nay, nay, I must know.

Sim. Oh! O lay! since you must know then, Madam, pray give me leave to ask, why your Ladyship asks, and you shall know.

Niece. Nay, if it be your Master's I'm sorry for't, that's all.

Sim. Nay, then don't be uneasy, dear Madam — it was mine.

Niece. Well! its extreamly pretty! I may depend upon't, as yours, Sir?

Sim. I wish I may perish, Madam, if Sir *Gregory* (for Master I'll call him no more, if I cou'd have the Honour to serve your Ladyship) had the least Hand in it.

Niece. Then I am easie — Pray, Sir, tye it on for me — Bless me! How white a Hand you have!

Sim. O, dear Madam, and your Ladyship's Neck so near, I am aham'd you shou'd look upon't.

Niece. You certainly use Art with it.

Sim. Nothing but Almond-Powder, as I am a living Creature, Madam.

Niece. Pray, Sir, what's your Name?

Sim. *Samuel Simple*, Madam.

Niece. *Simple*, what an innocent Sound it has — heigh ho!

Sim. Well, she's taken as sure as can be. [*Aside.*]

Niece. Prithee tell thy Master one thing! that nothing but a dull *Vulcan* wou'd have sent a *Mars* to be the Spokesman of his woeing — What a Complexion's there!

Sim. It's all my own, as I live, Madam.

Niece. Such Lips too! What Dalliance must in private grow upon 'em!

Sim. Death! she courts the Coxcomb!

Gov. Away, away, she does but fool with him.

Niece. So! he's touch'd, I see. [*Aside.*] Come nearer, prithee, you must not be so strange! What a soft Handful of Pleasure's here! [*Takes his Hand.*]

Sim. I'll swear! and so there is! well! there's no resisting; I'll e'en take pity of her.

Niece

Niece. Thy Master's Hand, to thine, is Bear's-skin stuff'd, compar'd to Down of Doves. O what a Pillow for a Maiden-Cheek were here! Tell me, are you married, Sir?

Sim. No, I ben't, seriously.

Niece. Will you give me leave to send to you?

Cun. O Women! Women! Blind as the false Love you're form'd for. Death she doats on him!

Gov. What's that to thee? Prithee mind her not, there be those can doat as well as she.

Cun. Away Bur.

Gov. How!

Cun. Hang off Flesh-Hook, fasten thy itchy Clasp upon some dry Toadstool, that will kindle with thee, and burn and stink together.

Gov. Oh abominable! Why dost not thou love me?

Cun. Avaunt *Sycorax*! Haunt me no more! Love! the Devil! I tell thee, double Dotard, I took thee but as Physick to my distemper'd Stomach, and now thou'rt up again, I loath thee filthily.

Gov. Oh Villain!

Cun. Dost thou not see a Sight might turn all Lovers Brains, and make 'em curse the very Thoughts of Woman.

Niece. Ha, ha, ha, I think I have touch'd him now; ha, ha, ha.

Sim. Ha, ha, ha.

Niece. Why do you laugh, Sir?

Sim. Why only cause you laugh, Madam. Hi, hi, hi.

Cun. She has but mock'd my Folly sure, or finds not yet the Bosom of my Purpose.

I'll try her, and may chance to let her see,

A Trick to mortifie her Vanity.

[*Ex. Cun.*

Niece. I laugh to think of thy Master now; how he'd stare and curse if he knew of this.

Sim. Ha, ha, I can't but laugh at him too; for to say the truth, tho' I say it, that shou'd not say it, he is but a Fool at the bottom.

Niece. Well, Sir, for this time you shall leave me, but don't you boast now how my foolish Tongue has betray'd my Heart: Be discreet and I'll send to you.

Sim.

Sim. You'll be sure.

Niece. If you're but silent.

Sim. O! I am mute as a Mouse in a Cheese; or a Goose in a Hay-Reek; or a Fish in a Kettle; as dumb as a dead Woman.

Niece. We are observ'd; there's my Hand at parting.

Sim. And there's mine — Umh! — Good by — Ah! [*Ex.*

Niece. So, *Governess*, I need not ask where you have been?

Gov. Oh, Child! never was Woman so abus'd.

Simple Re-enters.

Sim. D'ye hear, Madam, I had forgot to tell you — If you think fit, I'll come and see you again in the Evening?

Niece. By no means, don't offer it till I send for you.

Sim. Well, well; in the mean time, when I'm gone, you may think of Things a little, as a — Why I may be convey'd by stealth into your Chamber, or so; I'll lie under the Bed till Midnight, rather than be seen; or you may put me into one of your Comb-Boxes; or whelm a *China-Bason* over me, or any thing: Ah! I can creep in at a little Hole.

Niece. O! I durst not venture for my Life; I charge you on my Love, never offer to come again till I send for you.

Sim. Well, well, *Varbum sat*, as the *Latin* Saying is *A Wink to the Wise is enough* — We won't let the Knight know a Tittle of this.

Niece. By no means! that wou'd spoil all: But pray be gone, we are suspected.

Sim. Well, well, for the Things that are past then, d'ye see, let us — let us tell no body of it, that we may keep 'em secret. [*In a Whisper.*

Niece. Well! now I'll make a firm Tryal of your Love: As you love me then, not one Word, Sigh, or Syllable more, but take your leave this Moment, and be gone.

Sim. Um, gh, gh, um, gh. [*Shuts his Mouth, as unwilling, and Ex.*

Niece. Ha, ha, now do I fancy all Lovers are much the same Fools. How now, *Governess*, what easing your Heart with your Eyes: What's the Cause, pray?

Gov. [*Crying.*] Ah! take thou warning by my Misfortunes, the Cause is false Man, Child: Ah! Lady, I have been gull'd with a shining Pebble for a Diamond, a very Glow-worm, that I thought had Fire in't, and it proves as cold and brittle as a broken Looking-Glass.

Niece.

Niece. And how cou'd your Experience be so impos'd upon, to think that such a youthful *Spring* cou'd doat upon thy *Autumn Furrows*?

Gov. Oh! had you heard him but protest——

Niece. I shou'd have laugh'd at your Credulity; didst thou not see me mock thy Folly in wanton Imitation with that Foolish Fellow? Cou'd'st thou be so Dull? Alas! thou weren't but his Bait to fowl with, not the Prey; the Net, the Springe, the Stale to catch another Bird with.

Gov. Nay, he call'd me Bird indeed.

Niece. And thou so blind not to perceive it was thy own Daughter, that he loves— there lies his Siege, and thou weren't only taken as an Outwork to the Place: Examine and you'll find it so: Farewel—— I'll vex him still. [*Aside.*] [*Exit.*]

Gov. My Daughter! how! my own Flesh and Blood my Rival! I'll rival her: I'll ferret her Affection with a Vengeance: A young sly Gipsie, has she no Shame in her; no Sense of Modesty; is it so warm with her already? Ah! brutal Slut, in Love with a young Fellow! Foh! here she comes, I'll mumble her: Just parted from him, I suppose——

Enter Mirabel.

So, Gentlewoman! where have you been, pray?

Mir. No where, Mother, but at work in my own Chamber.

Gov. What in your own Chamber too! fine Work, I believe. Come, Hussy, speak, and if thou canst with Modesty, what have you been doing with your hopeful Help-mate there?

Mir. Help-mate!

Gov. Come, come, your *Cunningame*, Hussy: Don't think to impose upon me; I am not so blind with Age yet, nor Deaf.

Mir. Dumb I am sure you are not. Pray, Madam, what ails you, are not you well?

Gov. No, nor sick, nor mad, nor in my Senses, nor sleeping, nor waking, nor nothing, nor any thing: I know not what I am, nor what I am not.

Mir. What do you mean, Mother?

Gov. I mean to be reveng'd, you Flirt.

Mir. On whom, pray?

Gov. On thee, Monster.

Mir. Revenge shou'd follow Injuries: Have I wrong'd you, Madam?

Gov.

Gov. Ah! 'tis not your Cunning, nor your *Cunningame* can blind me: Don't I know you have the Impudence to be in Love with him, you Harlot.

Mir. I am sure they must have a great deal of Impudence that told you so, I never spoke three Words to the Gentleman in my Life, nor he to me.

Gov. O astonishing!

Mir. I have heard, indeed, that he has made some Offers of his Love to you, and if he has abus'd, or wrong'd your good Nature, so heartily I hate him for't, that I wou'd join with you in utmost Malice to revenge it.

Gov. May I believe thee?

Mir. You may, upon my Life, Mother.

Gov. Then thou thy self shalt quit me of his Baseness. Ah! Child, he has given me *Ixion's Plague*; never such a Masculine Cloud so airy and so subtle was ever embrac'd by poor believing Woman—— But, if I live, I'll have him quitted at his equal Weapon: Thou art young, follow him; tempt his Desires with all the subtillest Baits of Woman. He cannot freeze at such a springing Beauty: And when thou hast him fast by the Amorous Gills, draw him, drag him, drown him on the Hook of thy Disdain, and make this base Dissembler know, thou hast reveng'd thy Mother's Wrongs with Scorn for Scorn.

Mir. This is a very odd Undertaking, Mother; how it may succeed I can't tell, but I promise you, on my Word, I'll try.

Gov. Ah! I'll warrant thee, a young Woman may bring any thing about with a young Fellow: Come along, and I'll slip thee at him this moment. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Sir Gregory, and Simple.

Sir Greg. Why, Sam! Samuel! thou art not stark mad, art thou? Wilt not thou tell me how my Mistress does?

Sim. Your Mistress! Hi, hi.

Sir Greg. Yah, yih! Why what the Devil ails the Fellow? Did she receive the Thing that I sent her kindly or no? *Sirrah?*

Sim. *Sirrah!* Humh. Then to answer your Question, and your Language in order—— *First*, I must tell you, *Knight*, (plain *Knight*, d'ye observe me) the Thing that you sent her, by the Thing that you sent, was, for the Thing's sake, that was sent to carry the Thing that you sent, (d'ye observe me) very

very kindly receiv'd; so much for your Question: And now for your Language—— *First*, Sir, there's a Receipt in full for all my Wages, and now you owe me nothing: *Secondly*, There's the last cast Coat you gave me, and now, Sir, I owe you nothing, (my Waistcoat's my own, and I'll keep it.) But the *Sir-rab* is yours again, Sir. *Thirdly, and lastly*, I am my own Man again: And, *Fourthly*, in the *Fifth* Place—— Fare you well.

Sir Greg. Why, *Sam! Sam!* Prithee let me speak with thee a little: I'll lay my Life some Hare has cross'd him.

Sim. Knight, if you be a Knight, stop there, and don't set up for a Lady-Maker; because, perhaps, there are some Ladies that are as fond of making Gentlemen—— D'ye see! As for the Lady, whoever says she is not a fine Lady; a delicate Creature, and a Person of perfect Honour, I say he is a Poltron, a Rascal, and if he does not keep his Tongue between his Teeth, I'll give him a Chuck o'the Chin, shall chop it in two, and strike him dumb during Life.

Sir Greg. Prithee Pox! why in such a Passion Man, I know no body says any other of her.

Sim. If you do, Sir, I expect, as you are a Man of Honour, you should let me know it—— Any Man that dares but think of it in my hearing, shall hear of it from a Person that he little thinks of. People must not suppose that some Ladies Favours are common; or that Promises and Protestations are Things of no moment between Parties and Parties; and I say still, whatever may have pass'd between a certain Lady, and a certain Party, whom for sake's sake I won't name, still, I say, the Lady is a Person of Honour, and being a Person of Honour, she is not to be treated but as a Person of Honour.

Sir Greg. Why I say she is a Person of Honour.

Sim. You say she is a Person of Honour; what's that to me, Sir, I want to see the Man that does not say she's a Person of Honour.

Sir Greg. If I could not find in my Heart to kick my Shoe in thy Face, Buckle and all; I am an Ass, and no Gentleman.

Sim. Kick your Shoe at me! don't do it Knight, I give you fair Warning; I say don't do it; your Shoe's but thrown away if you do; 'tis but plaguing your self to no purpose. For why shou'd not one Man have as good an Eye as another, and when one Man's as good as another, why shou'd not a Lady please

her own Fancy? Look ye I name no Parties—— because I really stand all this while in the cold—— but when you see me next, you'll find for a certain Lady's sake, if there's a Tally-man to be found in *Europe*, I shall appear like a Gentleman.

[*Exit.*

Sir *Greg.* If this Fellow ben't out of his few Wits, then am I out of my Five Senses; either the sight of the Lady has bewitch'd him, or else he's drunk, or else he walks in his Sleep, or else he's a Fool, or a Knave, or both, or one of the three, or something or other I'm certain: Yet, now I think on't, she has not us'd me so civilly as her Unkle promis'd she shou'd, tho' that does not signifie a Fillup; he says I shall have her, and if she won't come too in a fair way, E-gad she shall fast her self into a Stomach for Sir Gregory.

[*Exit.*

Enter Y. Outwit, and Mr. Credulous Outwit in the Highway, arm'd.

Y. *Out.* So, we are got to the bottom of the Hill before him; here from behind this Hedge we may seize him.

Cre. So we may, indeed, Sir; but where are the other two Gentlemen, won't they lay hold on him two; for if the young Man shou'd resist, how do you know but he may frighten me, and then get the better of you?

Y. *Out.* O! they are ready posted on the other side; we can't miss. Look ye, Sir, if you'll be rul'd, and travel this Road but one Week with me, you shall live better upon't all the Year after, than the best Preferment in your College's gift.

Cre. Do you really think so, Sir? fer, seriously, I wou'd not do an ill thing; but, really, my Allowance from my Unkle has been extremely small, and twenty Pounds, at this time, wou'd be an inconceivable service to me.

Y. *Out.* With what confiderate good Husbandry the Fool turns Rogue? [*Aside.*] Ay, ay, Sir, you'll find this a quicker Revenue than your *sic Probas, Ergo's, & Igitur's*, and I am sure you have Logic enough to prove, that *Omne utile est honestum*.

Cre. That's true, indeed, Sir; besides, you know, *Necessitas non habet legem*. And, really, if it were not to do me a mighty Piece of service, I wou'd not do a base thing for the whole World.

Y. *Out.* Nor I, upon my Credit, Sir: But truly it is a little hard, that when one Gentleman wants ten Pieces, or so, that

that another, who, perhaps, has ten thousand, shall be Brute enough not to supply him.

Cre. Why, really, Sir, that's exactly my Case; and, seriously, I don't know any great Obligation one has to be so rigidly just to such sort of People, that a—— really—— in a manner, don't deserve what they have.

Y. Out. How quiet the Fool's Conscience is!— Odsso! take your Pistol, Sir—— I hear some body, let's not be seen yet.

Enter Lady Gentry in Man's habit, Sir Thr. and Priscian.

L. Gen. Where's Mr. Outwit?

Sir Thr. There he stands, ready at his Post, behind the Hedge—— but, hark you, Spouse, you must bate a little of your usual Courage in your Resistance, that you mayn't frighten the Scholar into a Retreat.

Pris. He tells you right, Madam.

L. Gen. Go, Fools! teach your Granums: You are always full of your Advice when there's no occasion for't. Where's the Purse?

Pris. There 'tis, of the Comedians Coin, all Counters.

Sir Thr. We'll turn 'em into Gold before Night, Boy.

L. Gen. Away—— [*Exeunt Pris. and Sir Thrifty.*

Look how that Fool loiters now! Hey, William! along, along with the Horses, we shall n't get to London to Night.

T. Outwit, and Credulous Enter, and present Pistol.

Y. Out. Stand.

Cre. Sir, we are Gentlemen, really under necessity, and hope you won't take it ill; for, upon my Word—— for my part—— really, you'll find me very Civil—— therefore, pray Sir, don't make a Disturbance—— but, really, consider your own Danger—— [*All the while trembling.*]

Y. Out. Blood, Sir— Deliver, or you are a dead Man.

Cre. O blefs me!

L. Gen. Look you, Rascals, I'm alive yet, and till I am dead, I'll see you damn'd before I'll part with a Farthing. [*Draws.* [*Priscian, and Sir Threadbare rush in from behind, and seize her.*]

Pris. Nay, then, if you're so hot a Spark, Sir, we must secure you.

Cre. O dear! I am glad they came. [*Aside.*]

L. Gen. Well! Gentlemen, I am in your power, but treat me like a Man, at least; my Money, I presume, is all you

have occasion for, there 'tis, and all I have, indeed; a good round hundred Pieces.

Y. Out. Is this all, Sir?

L. Gen. My last Farthing, upon my Honour, Gentlemen—
Pray, Sir—

Cre. O! don't hurt the Gentleman— Sir, you really look like a civil Gentleman, and if I had the Honour to be better acquainted with you, you'd find me another guess Man than you take me for, I can assure you; and if ever you travel to Cambridge, Sir, I shall be very proud to see you in our Buttery, Sir—

Sir Thr. Hush, is the Devil in you? [*Stops his Mouth.*]

Y. Out. Come, Sir, we must secure you from following us.

L. Gen. As I am a Gentleman I never will stir.

Y. Out. We don't intend you shall, Sir, for we will bind you to your good Behaviour—

L. Gen. Nay, pray Gentlemen.

Sir Thr. We'll only leave you on t'other side the Hedge, Sir— Here, do you hold the Money, while we secure him.

Y. Out. Away with him— [*Ex. Priscian, Sir Thr. and L. Gen.*]
Why, look you, Sir, did not I tell you? Shew me e'er a Page in *Seneca* now, that will furnish a Man so speedily? Here's that will mend your Commons with a witness! You'll have no longer need to fize your Belly out with Rumps, Kidneys, and Cues of single Beer. Here's that will make a Beggar fat in a Fortnight. *Aurum palpabile, & potabile*, Sir.

Cre. Why, really, Sir, I am apt to think the Gentleman cou'd not want this; for, by his Habit, he seem'd to be a Person of Fortune.

Y. Out. Let Fortune take care of that; you and I will never want, Sir, while others have it.

Cre. Why, really, Sir, it is a little hard there shou'd not be a more equal Distribution of Fortune's Benefits.

Y. Out. Mum. [*Re-Enter Priscian, and Sir Threadbare.*]
Is all safe Bullies?

Sir Thr. Secure; the Gentleman thinks himself most happy in his Loss, with his safe Life and Limbs, and redoubles his first Vow, as he is a Gentleman, never to pursue us.

Y. Out. Away then— Let's disperse; Mr. Credulous and you shall bear the Purchase, while I and Priscian take some other

other Course: At the *Three-Cups* in *St. Giles's* we all meet; but remember the Booty is not to be open'd till all are present; the Loser said an hundred, and it can weigh no less.

Cre. Sir, I am sure I wou'd not wrong you, or any Gentleman of a Shilling to gain never so much by it.

Y. Out. O! never talk of that.

Sir Thr. Come, Sir, I'll guide you. [*Exit Cre. & Thr.*]

Y. Out. Ha, ha, ha, where's the Thief that's robb'd?

Enter Lady Gentry.

L. Gen. Here, Mr. Outwit, all Fellows now.

Y. Out. 'Twas neatly done, i' faith, Girl; now to turn that Bag of Counters into currant Pieces, & *actum est*. You know the Place.

Pris. I have told her, Sir,— the *Three-Cups* in *St. Giles's*.

Y. Out. Good — Is the *Constable's* Dress ready for *Sir Thr.*

Pris. All ready, Sir, not a Hair of his false Beard wanting.

Y. Out. Excellent! The moment he has seiz'd the Scholar, then send me immediate Word on't; then come I, in his Cousin's own shape, by meer Accident, to bring him off. But, Father, you must pay the Reckoning; since you are so fond of Wit, I'll beggar you if you pay the Price of mine, Sir; for when this Cheat's ripe, Sir, you'll find it will beget another, Sir; that Third a Fourth, and so onward to an endless Generation — You had better come to Composition, Father, or I shall bubble you without Mercy; you'll find it cheaper, Father, than this wise way of starving me: For I will cheat none but you, Dear Father. [*Exeunt.*]

The End of the Second ACT.

ACT III.

SCENE a Garden.

Enter Niece and Mirabel.

Niece. AND so your Mother, to revenge her own Quarrel to him, has oblig'd you to make Love to Mr. Clougham.

Mir. Yes, is not it a very notable Project? What a subtle Devil

Devil must this Love be, when it can make such egregious Fools of old Folks? But I had forgot to tell you, Madam, I have undertaken to go through with it too?

Niece. How!

Mir. Not without acquainting you with it before hand.

Niece. Oh! your Servant — Try him you'll find him flexible, I dare say.

Mir. Ay, but then how am I sure to be stubborn my self; my Honesty is the best Part of my Portion, and I shou'd be loath to spoil my Marriage by playing the fool with him.

Niece. I fancy there's no fear of that, for he writ me a Letter t'other Day, and propos'd you as a Wife for Sir Gregory; 'tis in his Power to serve you, if you can like the Man.

Mir. I cou'd like the Ladiship strangely — And as for the Man, I had as leive have a Fool, as one that's so wise, he'll always think me a Fool — Wou'd he wou'd tempt me.

Niece. Here's Company let's go into the Arbor.

Mir. No, I must beg your Pardon — My Mother expects me.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

Enter Sir Oliver and Sir Gregory. [With Musick.]

Sir Ol. Why, now you take the right Course, Sir Gregory, — Musick will melt her; I cou'd force her; but a Heart, you know, that's gently won is a Man's own for ever? Have you a good Consort?

Sir Greg. O! a curious Noise as ever you saw, Sir — Indeed, I wou'd have had the lame Woman with the Dulcimer, and old Gratears the Blind Cymbal, but they sent me word they were just hir'd to Play Country Dances at my Lord Mayors.

Sir Ol. Why, then she must take the Will for the Deed; a Woman must be wooed a hundred several ways, you may try a thousand sometimes before you touch 'em in the right Vein; but that once found! Ah! they lye as snug, and as tame in a Man's Arms as a sucking Rabbet.

Sir Greg. O, dear! ah! I warrant 'em they are pretty soft Fools when their Cloaths are off.

Sir Ol. Why, did you never try, Sir?

Sir Greg. Yes, yes, I have try'd, Sir, but 'twas to no purpose: I remember the last time I was upon my Knees to our Chambermaid, she run her Elbow in my Throat till she had almost strangled me, and then broke my Head with a Bedstaff, to fetch me to life again.

Sir Ol.

Sir Ol. Why, is it possible! What did you never make a Fool of a Tenant's Daughter?

Sir Greg. Never, really, Sir, I never cou'd get one to hold still since I was born.

Sir Ol. Hey day! what come to *London* with a Maidenhead, Knight! A Gentleman of your Rank, and ride with a Cloak-bag? Never an Hostess by the way to leave it with? No Tapsters Sister? Nor head Ostler's Daughter?

Sir Greg. O! well mock'd old Witmonger — I keep it for your Niece.

Sir Ol. Don't say so for shame, she'll laugh at thee; why, 'tis a Batchelor's Penny, Man, he may give it to a Beggar in the Summer time, and ne'er be call'd to account for it; the filliest Wife is not Fool enough to expect it.

Sir Greg. 'Ad wou'd I had known that, I cou'd have stopt a Beggar's Mouth by the way curiously, that rail'd at me, because I'd give her nothing — But now for the Musick, Sir!

Sir Ol. You'll find her in the Garden, her Ear must reach it; I'll leave you, Sir.

Sir Greg. Now, strike up my Boys. [*Musick Plays and Ex.*] Well! I'll say it, this was cruel fine! she must like it — Now, Gentlemen, you may go.

Niece from the Arbor.

Niece. Whose cou'd this Musick be? 'twas pleasant at the Season; it must be *Cunningham*! Who's there?

Sir Greg. Madam, I am your humble Servant — Good morrow to you.

Niece. 'Pshaw! An ill Day, and a thousand follow thee.

Sir Greg. 'Slight that's fix hundred more than any Almanack has.

Niece. Was this thy odious Musick, then?

Sir Greg. Odious, Madam!

Niece. Horrible! Cou'st thou suppose such Stuff wou'd please a Woman of any Taste?

Sir Greg. Taste! why, Madam, I did not design you shou'd eat it; but if your Taste were never so dainty, you might have lik'd it; for I'm sure it cost me Sauce.

Niece. Sure there is no Impudence more provoking than the dull stupidity of a sufficient Fool? How durst you do this! Wretch! Idiot! For hadst thou but an Insect's Understanding,

thou

thou wouldest have known how mortally I hate thee, I thought I had enough before abus'd thee; the Mocks and spiteful Language I have given thee, wou'd have serv'd ten reasonable Men! In my Conscience! thou devourest more Affronts, than twenty Midnight Drunkards wou'd throw away on Strangers in the Streets! And still thy greedy Maw's not satisfied! All the Scorn of Coyness, or Ill-nature can't suffice thee.

Sir Greg. Hey day! why sure you are not in earnest, Madam?

Niece. Oh! Insatiable! not yet content! why wilt thou beggar my Derision? In faith, thou'st all I have, I've not another Scorn to throw at thee, if I knew where to borrow but Contempt, I'd mortgage all my Kindness to supply thee? Nay, prithee, leave me, now thou grow'st unreasonable.

Sir Greg. Say you so, forsooth! I gad I'll fetch one then, shall jerry-mumble you. [Exit.

Niece. So! he's gone with this Flea in his Ear to my Uncle, I suppose, no matter, I know my Cue.

Enter Cunningham at a distance.

Cun. I met the Musick going away; but can't yet learn what Reception she gave him!

Niece. Ha! there's somebody upon the watch already, I see — Now, [Aside] to change my Note! — Indeed, I little thought this two Days ago, Sir Gregory!

Cun. Ha, Sir Gregory! 'tis Lucinda's Voice.

Niece. But 'tis our foolish Nature to affect Ill-humour most where most we like!

Cun. Confusion! am I then fool'd at last, and by a Fool? — 'Tis e'en so, faith; for Fortune has remember'd her great Boy — And I'm an Ass.

Niece. Of all Mankind, at first, methought, I cou'd not bear him — We never met but wrangled.

Cun. Ah! curse of your Coyness! it never comes but like a Storm of Hail, to bring fair Weather in the Tail on't. Fair words, I'm sure, may cheat a Man, but Biting and Scratching gives him certain Hope; there's not one Match in twenty made without it; when their Tongues quarrel, their Lips are sure to come to a right Understanding.

Niece. And yet to see how strangely Fancies alter!

Cun. There is indeed a wonderful Variety in 'em! O! Woman! Weathercock.

Niece. I wou'd have sworn once 'twou'd never have been a Match.

Cun. Fire! I'll hear no more — How cou'd I dream of better than a Younger-brother's Fortune? A Maid with nothing, or some old Soap-boiler's Widow without Teeth?

Go home, blind Fool, and bid thy Hopes Despair,

Or bumbly fix thy né plus ultra There.

[*Exit.*

Enter Sir Oliver and Sir Gregory.

Sir Ol. You amaze me, *Sir Gregory!* she cannot sure! she won't! she dares not do this.

Sir Greg. Nay, then believe your own Eyes, Sir — There she is.

Sir Ol. Let's observe — She's thoughtful.

Niece. Not but you'll find, *Sir Gregory,* through all this Fondness I can dissemble yet; you have my Heart 'tis true, but shall not know you have it.

Sir Ol. What's that? What's that?

Sir Greg. Hay!

Niece. For 'tis Man's Nature to insult an easie Conquest; the Food of Hope, if frankly given, but surfeits your Desires.

Sir Ol. Why, you — Oones, Sir? let me tell you, you don't deserve this.

Sir Greg. O dear! why, I don't say I do, Sir.

Sir Ol. You don't indeed! indeed you don't.

[*Angry.*

Niece. Thus by the little feign'd Abuses, that I gave you, I now shall prove your Temper, and your Truth of Love; for if you Love, I am sure, you'll bear 'em; I'm sure, at least, my Heart endur'd a Violence while I spoke 'em.

Sir Ol. Are you a Fool now, Sir?

Sir Greg. O, dear! yes, Sir, I see it plain now, by my being so much in her Favour!

Sir Ol. But you are out of mine, Sir, I can tell you. Offer to sow Strife between my poor Niece and I; I cou'd find in my Heart to make her unsay it all again — Good morrow, Niece, good morrow.

Niece. Good morrow, Sir, and to you, *Sir Gregory,* many fair ones.

Sir Ol. You are a Coxcomb, I tell you — How doest thou do, Child, this Morning? — A Fool! — Did you sleep well, Child? It's well Fortune took care of an Estate for thee; for thou'dst starve by thy Understanding.

F

Sir Greg.

Sir Greg. Ads heart! now I'm bang'd o'both sides.

Niece. Pray, Sir, is there any difference between you?

Sir Ol. Yes, a great deal, I hope, Child as much as between a Man and an Owl!

Sir Greg. Ah! it's no matter for that, I'm a Knight as well as you, Sir.

Sir Ol. Abuse a Lady's Kindness — Wilt thou take the Air to Day, Niece.

Niece. Indeed the Day's inviting, Sir, if Sir Gregory will please to favour us with his Company.

Sir Ol. D'ye hear? d'ye hear? shallow Brains! d'ye hear't continu'd to your Face, to your Teeth!

Sir Greg. Well, well, Lawd! why sure! — I have done, Sir.

Sir Ol. Don't provoke me another time, then.

Sir Greg. Madam — you have dropt your Breast-Knot.

Niece. Pray wear it, Sir; in time a better Favour may fall to you.

Sir Greg. Well, well, I have no Malice, mun, I forgive you all.

Sir Ol. Now, I leave you to redeem your Credit with me, let me have a better Account of your next Attack, or — *[Exit.]*

Sir Greg. Ah, ah, ah, you little Rogue! were you caught i'faith! What! I was not to know I had your Heart, was I! we over-heard you, mun, when you were fighting alone for fear I shou'd be false to you. Ah! you handsome Devil you, are not you glad to find me true now at last then. — Hay!

Niece. Let me see — ay, he's out of hearing —

Sir Greg. O dear! Now I will so pay off those Cherry Lips of thine. *[Offers to kiss her.]*

Niece. Stand off — Monster! *[Strikes his Ear.]*

Sir Greg. How!

Niece. Incurrible Coxcomb! was not thy last Abuse sufficient! A Man with half an Ounce of Brains wou'd have died on't, run to the next Tree or River to have hang'd or drown'd himself, rather than bear such infamous Usage.

Sir Greg. Ay! you may well call it infamous indeed! it's so shameful.

Niece. And will thy groveling Spirit still endure it then? What Villainous impenetrable Stuff is thy Skull made off? will nothing pierce it?

Sir Greg. Yes, yes, assure your self, unkind Words may do much. *[Half crying.]*

Niece.

Niece. And dost thou want 'em Flint-head? Hav'n't I consum'd my Womans Spleen to stir thee? Will no hard Usage batter thee?

Sir Greg. Yes, yes, I know you wou'd knock my Brains out if you cou'd. Why did not you offer to do it before your Unkle, Mistress, I gad he wou'd have flead your Backside for you.

Niece. Why thou greater Ideot than I thought thee, wou'dst thou have me tell my Unkle, that I design to fool thee: Prithce call him back that I may use thee better, and make thee yet a greater Fool — Dost thou wear my Favour there?

Sir Greg. Yes, and here too with a Pox to you.

[Holding his Hand to his Ear.]

Niece. If thou but knew'st with what Contempt thou hast it, how many Cordial Curses came along with it, thou'dst tremble but to handle it.

Sir Greg. 'Pshaw! Pox! take it again! I'll see it burn'd before I'll be thus plagu'd with it.

Niece. No! on hazard of thy Life I charge thee wear it still, till one that merits it demands it from thee; bear it, like the beaten Ass his Burthen, from one dear Friend to another; if mine be but so wise and apprehensive, as my Opinion speaks him to my Heart, it stays not long on thy desertless Head; I'll make thee, e'er I ha' done, not dare to wear any thing of mine, tho' I shou'd freely give it thee, but thou shalt sweat and tremble while thou hast it, as if some poisonous Toad had crawl'd upon thy naked Breast, which to remove were equal Horror to endure. Now as you like this, Sir, be troublesome another time, and so good morrow to you. *[Exit.]*

Sir Greg. O! that I had but the Courage now to dash my Brains out, Ingenuity enough to hang my self without Pain: I'm sure it's time I were dead some way or other, if a Man cou'd but find it out without Hurt or Danger? Who cou'd think now that a Handsome Lady cou'd be such a Devil in her Heart? Lawd! if she's such a Fury now, what a swinging Witch will she make when she's an old Woman? What to do with her the Devil knows; for if I complain to her Unkle she'll use me better again, and then he'll use me worse, so that between 'em both I am box'd, and banded, and sweetned, and sour'd, and friended, and fool'd, and blam'd, and bubled, and vext, and plagu'd, and as miserable for ought I see, as if I was married to her — Oh? here comes my Friend *Cunningham*, I'll make my Moan to him.

The Rival Fools.

Enter Gunningham.

Cun. I cannot tear her Memory from my Heart — She sticks in spight of Resolution.

Sir Greg. O, *Cunningham!*

Cun. Sir *Gregory!* the Favourite! the Victor! the Towns happy Man!

Sir Greg. Pshaw! prithee none of your Jeers upon me, I come to thee for Comfort, and thou makest a Jest of my Misfortunes!

Cun. I, Sir! what by applauding your Fortune, and giving you Joy of your Success?

Sir Greg. O! pray hold your Hand, Sir, I have been bobb'd enough already, and now you're for coming over me a new way!

Cun. What do you mean? Pray, Sir, explain your self.

Sir Greg. Wilt thou have the truth in a word, I have been made the rankest Ass that was ever born to a thousand Pound a Year — I'll swear I did not think my whole Body, Cloaths, and all cou'd have yielded so many scurvy, mangy Names, as my Mistress has call'd me.

Cun. Is't possible?

Sir Greg. Faith! its true, she presented me with this Favour before her Uncle, and as soon as his Back was turn'd, she fell a cursing me so heartily for wearing it, that one side of my Skull has ak'd ever since, and yet in a manner she forc'd me to wear it too, till a certain Friend of hers she said, that better deserv'd it, and to whom she design'd it as a Token shou'd take it from me.

Cun. O, blest Discovery, how have I wrong'd her Truth and Goodness! Sir *Gregory*, now I'll prove my self your Friend; indeed! pull it off this Minute! you are not sure of a moments Life while 'tis about you. I know the Man that lies in wait for you, and it.

Sir Greg. How! the Man that lies in wait say you?

Cun. Ah! plague of her Favour, say I! I prize my dear Friend's Life above a thousand of 'em — Let's see't — I know more of this Business than you are aware of.

Sir Greg. Do you so, then, faith, you shall e'en take it; for I'm sure 'tis not for my Wearing, she told me that her self.

Cun. The only true thing she ever told you — Thank you, Sir, now I am the Man that says, let her Spark do his worst, you shall live in spight of him.

Sir Greg. Ay, Sir! I'd fain live my time out, methinks.

Cun.

Cun. He that says otherwise must lie in his Throat, Sir; for once I'll stand his Fury, and wear it for you, Sir, Monsieur Simple may put on as big Looks as he pleases, but I'll keep it for my Friend's Sake in spite of him.

Sir Greg. Simple! what is he my Rival! my own Man that was.

Cun. Ev'n he I can assure you, Sir—— Pray tell me, did not you send him to her with a Handkercher yesterday.

Sir Greg. Ay, faith, and so I did, and when he came back he talk'd as big, and as pleasant, and as sawcy, and as wild as a Madman!

Cun. This, Sir, confirms what I was Witness of—I saw her give him such Encouragements, that nothing but a Woman doating, cou'd have made her Modesty submit to, and the Vanity of his Conquest it seems has run the poor fellow distracted.

Sir Greg. Nay, distracted he must certainly be, for he talk'd to me, as if he had Courage, and I'm sure he never had any when he was in his few Senses—But can a Woman of her Rank be so opposite to common Sense and Reason, as to fall in love with such a Scoundrel.

Cun. Lord! how you talk, Sir, Reason in Love! and in a Woman too! Why not one Man in a thousand can pretend to it, 'tis the Prerogative of Love to make wise Folks Wittalls; and always the stronger the Passion, the greater the Fool? How many preposterous Examples of it have we about this Town, pray? How many young Fellows marry their Mothers Maids? How many rich old Widows part with their Jointures for Conjugal Comfort to wild young Fellows, that mind 'em no more than they do their Estates, just take Possession of 'em once, and after never come near 'em! And how many doating old Fellows marry young Girls to bring them Heirs, perhaps, of an Ensign's getting! Nay, have not we seen a great Lady bring her Stable into her Chamber, and fall in love with her Horse-keeper?

Sir Greg. Why, did ever Love play such Jades Tricks, Sir?

Cun. O, thousands! thousands, Sir, 'twere endless to recite 'em; but you are happy in this early Warning, Sir; 'tis well you know her, and well you've 'scap'd her—if you had married her!

Sir Greg. O, Lord, ay!

Cun. What a swinging Stag's Head had you had in a Fortnight!

Sir Greg. Five a Top, I'll warrant her.

Cun. Ev'n down into the Country again, Sir, and let her find some other Fool's Head to plant on—Here comes her Uncle, not a word to him of what I've told you, that may breed Ill Blood, Sir.

Sir Greg.

Sir Greg. No, no, I'll dissemble to him as she does to me, faith — away. [*Ex. Cun.* Enter *Sir Oliver.*

Tho' to say the truth, I dare not tell him the Truth, for fear she should break my Head for't.

Sir Ol. Well, Sir, are you satisfied with my Niece now, pray?

Sir Greg. O yes, Sir, perfectly, I have not the least Scruple remaining.

Sir Ol. I think she has taken Pains to convince you of her Inclinations.

Sir Greg. Lord, Sir, I am as well satisfied of 'em, as if I were married to her, I don't think she could love me better if I were her Husband.

Sir Ol. You can't imagine how heartily you provok'd me, when you bely'd her Goodness to me — You vex me to the Blood!

Sir Greg. Why, really I was a Fool, Sir, I did not know half as much of her then, as I do now. Plague on her. [*Aside.*

Enter Niece.

Niece. Ha! the Favour's gone, I see! it must be *Cunningham* that has it; how I applaud his Apprehension, his Wit has Life in it, I'll send him another Token for't immediately, and by the same Fool of a Messenger — Oh! *Sir Gregory*, where have you been this Age? How could you be so long from me?

Sir Ol. Well said Niece! What so fond before your Uncle! what would she do in private then?

Sir Greg. Only give me a kick of the Guts, I suppose, and call me Rascal.

Niece. But where's my Favour Servant! the Love-knot I gave you?

Sir Ol. Odso! that's true, Niece, and I never thought of it —

The Favour, Sir, the Love-knot she gave you?

Sir Greg. Hay!

Sir Ol. What, dumb, deaf, bewitch'd — Oones! the Favour, Sir.

Sir Greg. A Pox of all Lady's Favours, I say, I'm sure they are damn'd troublesome to me! — The Favour, Sir!

Sir Ol. Ay, the Favour, Sir.

Sir Greg. Why, Sir, I was way-laid for it by three or four swinging Bullies, and they all six of 'em drew upon me at once, and — look you, Sir, in short Life's Life, and a Favour's but a Favour, and so I parted from't.

Niece. O unfortunate Woman! my first Kindness slighted thus!

Sir Ol. Oones! Sir, I must tell you, I am very lowly ashamed of you: what the Devil have you parted with your common Sence for —

for ever? Will you never come together again?—I must seem to teize him a little—for now I see his Heart's set upon her, I don't know but I may make him take her with nothing. [*Aside.*] Come, come, Niece, 'twas but a Trifle——Let it pass.

Niece. 'Tis not the thing, Sir, but the manner of his parting with it that grieves me!

Sir Greg. O dissembling Gipsy! O! if I durst but speak now, or cou'd but be believ'd when I do speak, I cou'd tell a Tale wou'd make all her impudent Hair stand strait up an end.

Niece. Well, Sir, at your request, I'll shew at once my Duty, and my Love in forgetting it, and to confirm my Affection stronger yet——Here, Sir, pray wear this Diamond, and let me judge of your Sincerity by your keeping it.

Sir Greg. Ah! you know it won't be long, like a cunning Witch, as you are! [*Aside to her.*]

Niece. You had best part with that now as you did with the Favour.

Sir Greg. Yah! why so I had, I suppose, or I shall have but an indifferent Life on't, as you have handled the matter, truly.

Niece. But you must promise me, dear Sir Gregory.

Sir Greg. Yah! you coaxing Devil!

Sir Ol. Ah! why this is as it shou'd be now—There's Musick in this, no more words then—On *Tuesday* next prepare to tune your Instruments, you shall stay no longer, faith, Knight. [*Slaps his Back.*]

Sir Greg. Well, well, Sir, the sooner the better.

Sir Ol. Niece, you hear me.

Niece. I'm all Obedience, Sir—Whatever you've heard me say,——Remember I hate you still——Cordially [*Ex. with Sir Ol.*]

Sir Greg. Ay, ay! a Plague on't—I know your Mind to a tittle,——Now can't I forbear laughing to hear the old Knight talk as familiarly of *Tuesday* next, as if we really lov'd one another—Tho' if I am not damnably mistaken, our Wedding is as far off, as 'twas seven Year before I saw her. If he shou'd bring it about, I gad he must conjure; for if he does not raise the Devil to fright me into it, I fancy I shall never have natural Courage enough to board her.

Lovers make talk of Joys

And pretty Toys

And Cooing,

I'm sure I only find

Bobbs, Blows, and Noise

In my poor Wooing.

The End of the Third ACT.

[*Exit.*
ACT

ACT IV. SCENE continues.

Enter Sir Oliver, and Young Outwit.

Sir Ol. **O** That ever I was born! or shou'd live to have a Son, whose Face is the Fore-runner of ill Fortune! I never see thee without some Vexation at the Heels of thee. I knew there was Mischief in thy very Looks; that before thy Mouth open'd, ill News wou'd come out on't.

Y. Out. With submission, Sir, I think I bring you very good News, to give you timely notice how you may save at once your Kinsman's Life, and the perpetual Infamy that his suffering the Law wou'd bring upon your Family— None of our Name were ever hang'd yet, Sir— What a miraculous Escape 'twas that I heard on't.

Sir Ol. Ah! wou'd thou hadst never heard on't.

Y. Out. Ay! that's true too, Sir, so it had never been done; but to see how critically fortunate some People are! Sir, if I'm alive, he was carry'd to Justice *Bind-over's* Door, nay the Constable's Hand was upon the Knocker, and that I shou'd (before he had power to raise it) just step in to his redemption, was I confess prodigious: in two Minutes more his *Mittimus* had been sign'd for *Newgate*, and then at such a Juncture too! the Sessions on *Thursday*; condemn'd on *Friday*; Sentence on *Saturday*; Dungeon on *Sunday*, and a Psalm in a Cart on *Munday*: Terrible *Tyburn* Ceremonies, Sir.

Sir Ol. Pristhee no more on't—— I don't like the Subject—— Where did you leave the Wretch?

Y. Out. He's in the *Constable's* Hands, now in the *Hall*, Sir— And, poor Gentleman, his Accuser with him.

Sir Ol. What is his Accuser?

Y. Out. Oh! a Judge's Son, they tell me, Sir; one that in a Fit of Malice will hang a Man, and it shall not cost him a Farthing.

Sir Ol. Ho! within there! [*Enter a Servant.*] Call up the Folks in the *Hall*—— I had much hope of him for a Scholar too! A thing thou wer't never fit for: I had plac'd half the Comfort of my Life in him.

Y. Out. If you are wise, he may be redeem'd yet, Sir.

Sir Ol. Cou'd I but lop him from my Family, he shou'd hang for me, I'd save no Thief, to make the Proverb good upon me.

[Enter Sir Threadbare as a Constable, with Credulous, and Lady Gentry, (as a Man.)] Oh! your Servant, Sir—— you are in a hopeful way, indeed.

Cre. Ah! Sir, I am a ruin'd Creature, 'tis true—— but don't, ah! don't kill me quite, Sir, your Reproaches are as terrible as the Gallows I deserve, Sir.

Y. Out. Nay, good Sir, don't grieve him, and hurt your self too.

Sir Ol. Hold your Peace, Sir—— Come but once in seven Year to see your Unkle, and then brought home by a Constable?

Y. Out. Dear Sir, don't speak so loud, for your own Honour's sake: Don't profess to love a Man of Wit, and shew none your self, Sir.

Sir Ol. Dissolute Villain?— Are you the Gentleman, Sir, that say you were robb'd by this Person?

L. Gen. The unfortunate one, Sir, that fell into the Hands of four Highway-men, whereof this Fellow, whom, for Manners sake, I wou'd call your Kinsman as little as I cou'd, was one, the rest are fled, but I may yet overtake 'em, Sir, and I have sworn to hang one of 'em, tho' it cost me Five hundred Pound in the Prosecution.

Sir Ol. O Graceless Rogue!

Y. Out. Not so loud, good Sir.

Sir Ol. Were these your College-Lectures? These your Degrees, Sir. Nine Years at the University for this Fellowship!

Y. Out. Take your Voice lower, dear Sir.

Sir Ol. Well, Sir, what was your Loss, pray?

L. Gen. The Constable can tell you that, Sir—— the Money's yet untouch'd in his Hands; 'twas an Hundred Pieces when I fill'd the Purse, Sir—— but I shall n't receive it?

Sir Ol. Not receive it, pray why so, Sir? Don't you own it all you lost?

L. Gen. All the Money, Sir – but I had a Diamond-Ring too, which one of his Gang took a Fancy to, it was the Instrument of a firm Contract between a great Lawyer's Daughter, and my self.

Y. Out. I told you what he was, Sir! Pray Sir what Does the Diamond concern this Gentleman?

L. Gen. As much as my Money did, Sir, he shall answer both, now I have him, or swing for't.

Y. Out. Look you, Sir—— don't be Pert—— for, Blood! if I meet you in another Place——

Sir Ol. Is the Devil in you?

L. Gen. Pert Sir!

Sir Ol. Are you mad?

Y. Out. What does he mean by swing for't?

L. Gen. The Gallows: If you have a mind to hear of me, Sir, you'll find me at the Sessions—— Mr. Constable secure your Prisoner. Death, Sir, I did not come here to be Brow-beaten.

Sir Ol. Hold, Sir, pray let me speak with you.

Cre. Ah! Dear Sir. [*Crying.*] Ah! don't anger him, good Cousin.

Sir Ol. Now who's the Fool? Was this a Time, when we are in his Power too—— Pray, Sir, what will satisfy you?

L. Gen. Sir, I expect the Sum in my Purse unbroken, and an hundred Marks.

Y. Out. A Hundred Rascals.

L. Gen. No, Sir, nor Five hundred such, with you at the Head of 'em.

Y. Out. Blood! Sir—take your Course you sha'n't have a Shilling.

Sir Ol. Oones! is the Fellow drunk? do you know what you say?

Y. Out. A Hundred Dogs-Dungs—Death, Sir, do your worst.

Sir Ol. You do yours, I'm sure. Whose loud now, Fool?

Y. Out. Blood! an Hundred Marks!

Sir Ol. Wou'd you have the Fellow hang'd?

Y. Out. Nay, Sir, I ask your pardon— you may do what you please, but if it were my Business— if he wou'd not take Three-score Pound, I'd see him rot before I'd give him a Farthing.

L. Gen. Sir, I shall not bate you a single Half-penny.

Sir Ol. And, pray Sir, what's Seven Pound more; that all this Coyle's about it?

Y. Out. Nay, Sir, please your self, if you don't think Seven Pound worth saving, with all my Heart.

Sir Ol. What's that to you, Sir, save your own Money— 'twou'd be mighty wise indeed in such a Case as this, wou'd not it? Go, Mr. Wisdom, live by your Wits go.

Y. Out. I practise all I can, Sir.

Sir Ol. Blockhead!— Sir, if you please to walk into the next Room, I'll pay you the Money, and Mr. Constable, pray do you be Witness of the full satisfaction.

Y. Out. Hark you, Sir; since you will play the Fool one way, be wise another, at least; don't give your Money for nothing, for it's all lost if you don't stop the Constable's Mouth too.

Sir Ol. Dear, Mr. Impertinence, keep your Wisdom for your own Affairs— Why cou'd thy thick Scull imagine now I did not design to do that of my self— As for you, my precious Kinsman, whom

Y. Out. So! This was the luckiest Cheat I e'er claim'd share in; of double Profit too— Put Money in my Pocket and him out of

whom I design'd for a *Welch-Pastor*, I will now turn out like a wild Goat, to graze upon the *Welch-Mountains* — go — will you please to walk this way Gentlemen? If I had been rul'd by you now.

[*Exit Sir Ol. La. Gen. and Constable.*]

Y. Out. I am very sorry for your Misfortune, Cousin.

Cre. O Dear! O Miserable! What will become of me?

Y. Out. I'm thinking what Course of Life you can turn your self to.

Cre. O! Good Sir! I wou'd turn to any thing that's honest.

Y. Out. Ay, that's the thing, Sir. Honest! why you'll starve in any Business of that kind.

Cre. Why then, can you think of any other thing, Cousin, that you are sure a Man can't be found out in.

Y. Out. Nay, that's not the thing neither; for a Man may be a profest Rogue, if he has but Industry and Assurance enough to go thro' with it; if you were but Clerk to some *Suburb* Justice of Peace now — or Informer to the Society — or — its a mighty matter to have the Protection of the Law —

Cre. Ay, so it is, indeed Cousin, I believe they'd find me for their purpose, for tho' I say it, I am a Man of very reform'd Principles.

Y. Out. I'll think of something for you.

Cre. Pray let it be safe tho', good Cousin.

Y. Out. I'll warrant you.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Master *Credulous*, your Unkle desires you to forbear the House, and has order'd me to take you a Lodging of Twelve-pence a Week, in *Thieving-lane*, and when the Servants have din'd, he says he'll send your Diet, every Day from their Table.

Cre. Ah! this is an unfortunate Welcome, Cousin.

Y. Out. 'Tis so indeed — I'll do what I can for you.

Cre. Do you think, Cousin, I cou'd not pick up a Penny by writing a *News-Paper*?

Y. Out. Humh! Why that's a good thing too; but I'm afraid, Cousin, your Invention is not quick enough for that; but I'll think of it.

Cre. Pray ye do — You'll bring my Cousin Word where I lodge.

Serv. Yes, Sir —

Y. Out. I'll come and visit you.

Cre. Ah! Cousin, you are the only Friend I have in the World now — Good b'y.

[*Exit Credulous, and Servant.*]

G 2

Y. Out.

Y. Out. Sol. This was the luckiest Cheat I e'er claim'd share in; of double Profit too— Puts Money in my Pocket, and him out of Favour, that stood between me and my Expectation: My Father's *Cambridge Jewel*, much suspected to be his Heir; now I think there's a Bar in's Hopes.

Enter Sir Threadbare, and Lady Gentry, with Money.

Sir Thr. It chinks, it chinks; make haste Boy.

L. Gen. Where shall we meet?

Y. Out. Meet! 'Death! we'll never part— let me kiss thee, dear Rogue, thou hast perform'd to a Miracle—— by *Mercury* I cou'd dwell upon thy Lips for ever. [*Kisses her.*

Sir Thr. Hold, hold, Sir, that's no part of the Booty.

L. Gen. What have you to do to bid him hold— Cou'd not I have done it my self?

Sir Thr. Ay, but if you shou'd have forgot, you know, Spouse—

L. Gen. 'Pshaw— At the old Place in *St. Giles's*.

Y. Out. I'll be with you in half an Hour. [*Ex. Sir Thr. and L. Gen.*

Enter Cunningham, and Mirabel.

Mir. It seems then, Sir, I'm deceiv'd! why I have been told by twenty People, you were directly in Love with me.

Cun. No you're not deceiv'd, for I dare swear you did not believe any one of 'em.

Mir. That's more than you know, perhaps.

Cun. I'm sure on't— for when Men say they love without hope, they lie. Now, pray lay your Hand upon your Heart, and tell me, did you ever give me the least Encouragement?

Mir. Now, Sir, pray lay your Hand upon the same place, and tell me, did I ever shew you any sign of my Dislike?

Cun. Perhaps no—— but if you had, I might have cur'd that by Flattery; but you do worse, you shew Indifference, and that's the Devil to get over.

Mir. How do you know but a little Flattery may cure that too. What the Duce have I nothing about me that deserves a civil thing to be said to it?

Cun. Have I any thing about me, Madam, that deserves to be laugh'd at?

Mir. You are the most phlegmatick Creature.

Cun. And you are the merriest Gentlewoman. [*Leering.*

Mir. Suppose I really lov'd you, Sir.

Cun. Why then, if I were not very Phlegmatick, you'd be ruin'd; for 'tis Six to Four I shou'd like you, and if I shou'd marry you, I shou'd ruin my self.

Mir.

Sir Greg. Hay! What, Dear Cunningham?

Cun. Do you see that little Flaw in the corner Sparkle, Sir?

Mir. Are you then really so indifferent, as you seem to be?

Cun. Are you not wiser than you seem to be?

Mir. Why, what ails me?

Cun. You seem to me, either to be out of your own Wits, or think me out of mine: Now if you'll give me leave, I'll propose a thing to you, which must, at least, prove one of us mad, if we should not agree to it; tho' don't suppose at the same time, I don't think you a very pretty Creature; but I wou'd have you a wise one too.

Mir. Pray instruct me, Sir.

Cun. Why you know *Lucinda* and *Sir Gregory* are design'd to marry one another, and have both a great deal of Money; now you and I having very little, do you think it wou'd not be better, if you took *Sir Gregory*, and I *Lucinda*?

Mir. Nay the thing wou'd be more reasonable, I confess; but how are they to be taken? that's the Question.

Cun. As they do Woodcocks, in a Springe: Rely you upon my Conduct, I'll secure you the Knight; in the mean time you must help me to crack the Shell of the Lady's Coyness, by wearing this Favour.

Mir. Why she sent it to you?

Cun. Therefore you must wear it—— I find her a little hard in coming too, and have no way but Jealousie, to extort a plain Confession in my favour.

Mir. Well, I'll wear it, do you look to the consequence.

Cun. I'll warrant you —— Now you have Sense—— Odsso! here comes the Knight—— meet me here in a quarter of an Hour, I'll give Instructions (that are infallible) about him.

Mir. Then I'll own you have Sense.

[Exit *Mir.*

Enter *Sir Gregory*.

Sir Greg. O dear *Cunningham*! I am overjoy'd I have found thee; I have been hunting for thee, till I'm all over in a sweat.

Cun. What's the matter, Sir?

Sir Greg. O Man! I want some more of thy friendly Advice—— I have got a Diamond here, which I dare as well be burn'd as keep, and for the Heart's Blood of me, I don't know where to find its Master.

Cun. No, that's hard 'faith!

Sir Greg. It does belong to some body, I'm sure—— a Plague on him, wou'd he had it, for I'm all over in a bath while it's about me, and she that sent it too is so damnable waspish, I had as good run my Eyes into the Fire, as look her in the Face till I have parted with it.

Cun. Hal from *Lucinda*, my Life on't—— let's see. [Looking on the Ring.] O ho! my Friend, have I found you 'faith—— I gad this was lucky.

Sir

no more hopes of her, than a Drummer has of a Regiment—— I may put her in mind of her Duty, but I shall never command her.

Sir Greg. Hay! What, Dear *Cunningham*?

Cun. Do you see that little Flaw in the corner Sparkle, Sir?

Sir Greg. Where! where, 'Pray?

Cun. Why there, just at the South-East End of the North Angle.

Sir Greg. O lay! Ay, I see't now.

Cun. This is that very Ring, Sir, that so much Blood is threatened to be shed for.

Sir Greg. Hay! [*Frighted.*

Cun. A Tun at least.

Sir Greg. O law! why that's more than a Man has in his whole Body.

Cun. What a prodigious Escape have you had, that this shou'd fall first into my Hands?

Sir Greg. O Dear ay! Well am I discharg'd on't then?

Cun. My Life for yours, now Sir—— [*Draws.*

Sir Greg. O law! What are you a doing?

Cun. What a Man of Prudence shou'd do, Sir— stand upon my Guard while I have it about me—— let him come to my Face, I dare the Rascal.

Sir Greg. Well! what a Comfort 'tis to have a Friend behind ones Back: I swear, Dear *Cunningham*, I am almost asham'd to see thee venture thy Life thus for me: Ods-heart! my Blood rises to see thy Courage. Od! I'll draw, and stand by thee, tho' I fright my self never so much for't.

Cun. By no means, Sir: More than One to One's a dishonourable Feat.

Sir Greg. I my Conscience I shall owe my Life to thee.

Cun. You over-rate my Service, Sir— tho' I own I have been thinking of a Thing that wou'd really deserve your Thanks. Suppose, Sir, I shou'd get your Mistress for you?

Sir Greg. Ah! Dear Friend, there I'm afraid thy good Will's bigger than thy Wit.

Cun. Why does she abuse you still, Sir?

Sir Greg. O most damnable! Every time worse than other: And yet that old Fool, *Sir Oliver*, thinks as confidently the Day holds on *Tuesday*, as if she did not wish me at the Devil: Sir, she's so familiarly us'd to call me Names, that, I believe, in the very Church Ceremony, she'd say, *I, such a one, take thee Rogue, to be my wedded Rascal.*

Cun. Well, Sir, dare you leave all to me yet?

Sir Greg. Faith that's just leaving nothing to thee— for I have

no more hopes of her, than a Drummer has of a Regiment— I may put her in mind of her Duty, but I shall never command her.

Cun. I'll warrant you, Sir, I have a Device shall contract her to you whether she will or no, and that when she least thinks on't.

Sir Greg. That's the only way; indeed; for if ever she thinks on't, you'll as soon persuade a Bear to the Stake, or a gaming Lord to wave his Privilege to a Tradesman.

Cun. She seems kind in publick, at least?

Sir Greg. O law! yes, Sir, before Company she'll wheedle, coax, and lie, like a Mifs to her Keeper; but in private she is as wild, as fierce and curst as a Cat in a Garret.

Cun. Still the greater will my Friendship prove— look you, Sir, here's a Letter, which I had just writ to her in your behalf, give it your self, and if you don't immediately find an Abatement of her Severity to you, say I have deceiv'd you.

Sir Greg. I'll give it her this Minute— and if thou makest thy Words good, I'll give it under my Hand, that thou hast more Wit than a Conjuror—— [Exit.]

Cun. Ha, ha, how greedily the Gudgeon gobbles a Cheat.

[Enter Mirabel.] O! you are come in time.

Mir. Well, Sir, what success?

Cun. Follow the Knight, watch him close; you'll see him give a Letter presently from me to the Lady, when she has read it, do you enter, and ask him if he has not one for you, which, as he well may, he'll certainly deny; no matter, do you affirm he has, and from that Hint work up her Jealousie; yet seem fearful of discovering Names, till you affect a Prudence in retiring.

Mir. What a malicious Creature do you make me?

Cun. What a Saint would you make your self now? Can you make me believe you don't a little naturally hate a Woman that has said you have a Face as brown and rough as a *French-Roll*; and tho' you have been beating-up for a Husband these two Years, yet you have not rais'd one Man that would ever put you to the Question.

Mir. Did you hear her say so?

Cun. And ten People more, at the same time.

Mir. Better be beating-up for a Husband, than beaten-down to the Price of the first Man that does ask her the Question, as she is by you, Sir?

Cun. Poor spiteful Animal! [Aside.] Look-ye, Madam, the more liberty you take with her, the sooner you finish my Project, and give me leisure to bring yours to perfection.

Mir.

Mir. I shall return the Liberties she takes, I believe.

Cun. The way's before you.

Mir. Awry! Hah, hah.

[*Exit.*

Cun. So! she's in fine order for my Business, which, barring the Devil's stepping in between, I think can't fail—— Hey-day! What have we here! Another Fool, the very Spawn of his Master, and, if possible, more ridiculous.

Enter Simple, fantastically drest.

Sim. Sir, I am your obedient humble Servant. Pray, Sir, can you do me the Favour to inform me how the Party does?

Cun. The Party! He takes me for a Scrivener sure—— Pray, Sir, which of the Parties do you mean?

Sim. Excuse me, Sir, I name no Names— but I am under some Obligations to a certain Party, and wou'd willingly bring Matters to a conclusion, but, really, I don't find that I have heard from 'em.

Cun. Oh! upon my Life, I know her.

Sim. Not from me, Sir, you don't hear me name her; know what you can, talk a whole Day with me, you'll be ne'er the wiser, you'll find nothing come from me, Sir.

Cun. I dare say, Sir, no body will expect it; but, really, you are so remarkably Honourable in your Amour, that all the World talks of your Secrecy, I mean to Sir *Oliver's* Niece, Sir.

Sim. Sir, you astonish me! I thought all the World had known her Name was a Secret.

Cun. That's the Reason so many People whisper it, Sir.

Sim. Well, Sir, they can't say it came from my Lips, however: But, Sir, I have been inform'd in my late retir'd Walks, 'twixt *Paddington* and *Pancrass*, that there have been certain Favours and Tokens sent me from the Party, (whom, you can witness, I never nam'd) and these Tokens, Sir, really, have never come near me.

Cun. How! Pray, Sir, what were the Tokens?

Sim. A Love-Knot, and a Diamond, Sir— Really, the thing is not well— I am apprehensive of some dishonourable Practice against me.

Cun. Sir, your Apprehension's good, and if you'll take my Word, Sir *Gregory* is the Man that wrongs you; meer Spite and Envy of your success with his Mistress: For when you were at *Paddington*, he intercepted the Gifts at *Pancrass*.

Sim. Traytor! His Mistress too! Poor Animal! He had never known what it was to appear like a Gentleman, but that I sometimes, in pure Friendship, us'd to dress him—— Sir, do you think I ought not to demand the Combat of him?

Cun. Troth the Wrong deserves it, Sir, but if you could be reveng'd of him without that Hazard, wou'd it not be better?

Sim. Sir, I fear no Hazard, where the Honour of the Party is concern'd; besides, I know him to be a rank Coward.

Cun. Nay, then a Man might venture: But how will the Lady bear the Apprehension of your Danger?

Sim. Why, really, that gives me some Concern: And 'tis possible the Fright might kill her; therefore I don't know if a private Revenge wou'd not do the Thing altogether as well. Pray, Sir, what was your Proposal?

Cun. Why thus, Sir, I have already promis'd to contract him to Mrs. *Lucinda*, your Mistress, by a Device; now when he thinks he has bobb'd you of the Lady, you shall stand behind the Arras, and be a Witness of his being bobb'd, by my putting a false Lady upon him.

Sim. Sir, destroy me, but this wou'd make me laugh immoderately.

Cun. We'll fobb him, Sir, here's my Hand on't.

Sim. Sir, no Person alive wou'd be more transported to see him well fobb'd, than my self: But now you talk of Fobbing, Sir, really, I must tell you, I begin to wonder why the Lady does not fend for me, as well as to me, according to her Word of Honour; for, I protest, I have kept out of Town (to keep my Word) these two Days, on purpose to be sent for: And, really, upon my Credit—— Look you, not to make a Jest of the Thing, Sir—— I am almost starv'd with walking.

Cun. O! Walking gets a Stomach, Sir.

Sim. Ay, but then it gets one no Provisions, Sir; not but I have had a Stomach too, but then I lost it again, and got it again, as often, Sir, as a Man shall get and lose the sight of *Paul's*, in a Walk to *Chelfea*.

Cun. Why don't you go to her your self, Sir?

Sim. Sir, there's a Trifle call'd a Vow has pass'd between us to the contrary, which renders the Thing impossible: But, Sir, shall I beg the Favour of you, if you meet the Lady's Footman running before her empty Coach, in an Orange-tauny-Livery, that you wou'd direct him and the Horses now to *Islington*, for I can't but think she will fend for me yet.

Cun. Sir, I'll certainly do it—— You are going thither?

Sim. This very Minute, Sir, and shalln't return till sent for, and there he'll certainly find me, looking upon the Pipes, and Whistling.

[Exit.
Cun.

Cun. Ha, ha. A pretty Amusement for a Lover, truly, tho' I think there's but little difference in the best of us. But now to my own Affair— The Favour and the Ring give me fair Hopes, indeed—

They shou'd be Signs of her Affections truth,

But I must still pursue my surer Proof.

[Exit.

Enter Niece, and Sir Gregory.

Niece. A Letter for me! 'tis impossible! no body of common Sense cou'd suppose I'd receive it from thy Hands—— Why wilt thou follow me, to provoke me still to abuse thee?

Sir Greg. Look-ye, Forsooth, don't you be too huffy neither, least upon reading that Letter you shou'd find reason to think better of me, and then look like a Fool for all the confident things you have said and done to me.

Niece. Prithee, Dear Idiot, don't have so much Assurance— is it not enough I do thee the Grace to receive this from thy Hands, (a thing that almost makes me sick to do) but you must talk too?

Sir Greg. Well, well, Mrs. *Frumps*, do you read the Letter pray, and then your Tongue will run another Tune, I believe.

Niece. Stand away— farther— farther yet— you ill-manner'd Changling— did not you see I was going to read it?

Sir Greg. Oh! oh! I may stay in your sight at least; you did not use to endure me in the same Room: The very Supercription has done some good upon you, I see.

Niece. Ha! 'tis *Cunningham's* Hand! but what an odd Direction 'tis— *To the Fairest in the Family*— I think I may venture to take it to my self without Vanity— I wrong his Wit to doubt it. How pleasant 'tis to make this Fool the mutual Messenger of our amorous Secrets, and his own Disquiet. [Aside.

Sir Greg. Oho! she nods at me already: Ah! it will all come in time.

Niece. Is it possible thou canst laugh yet? I wou'd have undertook to have kill'd a Spider with less Venom than I have spit at thee.

Sir Greg. 'Pshaw! I don't mind you now, Mun. Read your Letter, will you?

Niece. Back then, Owl's-Face—— [Reads.] *Take it as a Proof of Love, that for your sake I mortifie another's Vanity: A Folly that needs but little Art to flatter it, and yet, if rightly us'd, may serve—*

Sir Ol. [Wubbin.]—— My Niece? why there she is, in the next Room.

Niece.

Niece. Ha! my Unkle's coming! — Sir Gregory! why do you keep that Distanue! you did not use to be so strange!

Sir Greg. Ah, ah, ah, your Sorvant, forsooth, what is your proud Stomach come down then? And now, Madam, I have a word or two to throw in your Ear ——— look you, Madam, in the first place ——— I ———

Niece. He don't come yet; why thou sawcy Issue of some marching Granadiers! how darest thou offer to come near me, tho' I call'd thee; I'll make thee know, that to obey's as criminal as to contradict me.

Sir Greg. Ads hash, Madam! you'll find I won't take things as I have done; I'll contradict you in spite of your Teeth, and obey you to plague you, and you shall obey me, tho' I plague my self; for I'll marry you whether you will or no; nay, tho' I have no mind to it my self: Only for the Tricks sake, I'll trick, Madam, and make you as miserable a Wife, as you wou'd me a horrible Husband; and there's the Resolution of a provok'd Lover, that in pure Revenge will throw himself away upon you. [Going.]

Niece. The Fool begins to talk Reason.

Enter Mirabell.

Mir. Sir Gregory, your Servant! pray, Sir, have you no letter for me?

Sir Greg. Not I, Madam — I brought one from Mr. *Cunningham* to Mrs. Miserable there, that shall be, and so your Servant. [Exit.]

Mir. I am afraid, Madam, Sir Gregory has made a Mistake, and has given you my Letter.

Niece. Ha! what do I see! the very Favour I sent him, I am confounded — but will seem as unconcern'd as she. [Aside.] You have a mighty pretty Ribon here — The very same — Pray where might you buy it?

Mir. Really, Madam, I don't know — I was only desir'd by a Friend to wear it — But had you any Letter tho'?

Niece. Yes — I vow its very pretty — some Lover's Present, I presume.

Mir. One, that wou'd have me think he's a Lover — But pray, Madam, was not there some Mistake in that Letter?

Niece. My Heart's too full to answer her — I'll give it her, and seem ignorant of all — O dear, yes, he gave me a Letter, I cou'd not imagine from whom — I have open'd it too, and if you had not come was just a going to read it.

Mir. Nay, there's no Harm, Madam. [*Reads to her self.*]

Niece. Can he then be the Villain that he seems? He is — The Subject of the Letter too confirms him so! Where's all my Pride of Spirit now, that ought to tear him from my Heart? Abus'd, and made the Stale, the Property of another's Hope! Confusion! how she smiles in Triumph o'er my Folly!

Cunningham at the Door.

Cun. So! my Mine succeeds I see! the Train has taken! 'twill bounce anon.

Mir. Ha, ha, ha.

Niece. O Torture to my Face! sure she dares not own her Treachery. Your Letter seems to please you, Madam.

Mir. Yes, truly, I can't but laugh to think how some Peoples Vanity exposes 'em; and how ridiculously Women of little or no Beauty will rail at those, that really have it.

Niece. Has any Body rail'd at you, Madam?

Mir. Um — a little! My Features did not please 'em it seems. My Face was only a French Roll or so — Ha, ha, ha.

Niece. Ha! the very words I said to *Cunningham*! betray me too!

Mir. And yet the Person that they thought liked theirs better, is Fool enough, it seems to find something in my Face, that they have not, poor Creature! ha, ha, ha.

Niece. He's here! he dares not own it sure.

Cunningham enters.

Cun. I hope, Madam, you receiv'd my Letter. [*To Mir.*]

Mir. I had this Moment read it, Sir.

Niece. Nay then he dares be any thing — The Proof's too plain.

Cun. And may I flatter my self that my Expectation's answer'd.

Mir. If that Ladies Uneasiness is any Evidence you may.

Cun. Then you think I may laugh securely?

Mir. Ay, and heartily! ha, ha, ha.

Cun. Ha, ha, ha.

Niece. Ungrateful! perjur'd Wretch!

Cun. Madam!

Niece. O! thou hast wrong'd the tenderest Heart that ever listen'd to the faithless Vows of Man.

Cun. I had little Reason to think so from the Encouragement I saw you give two Fools before my Face.

Niece.

Niece. I learnt from thee before that servile Artifice of Dissembling: But tell me! was I then credulous and vain, to think your Vows sincere? O! I had fill'd the Measure of my Hopes in thee, my Duty, Interest, Friends and Fortune, not consider'd, when thy suppos'd Fidelity demand 'em.

Cun. Suppose me then no more the Thing I seem'd; but as your Heart, your Hopes, and tend'rest Wishes wou'd create me, yours sincere, and only yours. I knew there was no other Way at once to give my Hopes a Certainty — But this, this innocent Deceit of seeming False to stir your Jealousies; and if you don't applaud the Stratagem, you wrong the Heart you now complain'd of.

Niece. Is't possible?

Mir. Ev'n so indeed, Madam, and if you don't pardon my Part of the Jest we made of you — I'll swear you'll allow no Body Wit but your self.

Niece. Well! you have fool'd me fairly; but how I shall make you amends —

Cun. That's easily done; you shall make me a Husband, and I have engag'd Sir Gregory shall make her another; when I am a little recover'd from the Surprize of my own good Fortune I'll tell you how.

*Thus tho' ador'd, the Fair one falsely Coy,
That wou'd with Doubts the Lover's Hope destroy,
Once touch'd with Jealousie confirms his Joy.*

[*Exeunt.*]

The End of the Fourth A C T.

ACT. V.

SCENE Cunningham's Lodgings.

Enter Cunningham, T. Outwit, Priscian and Sir Threadbare.

Cun. **Y**OU'll pardon me, dear *Outwit*, that I did not before trust you with my Design upon your Cousin *Lucinda*; but since you have told me how I may serve you in this new Attempt upon your Father, I have not now the least Fear or Doubt remaining,

[*Exit.*]

Y. Out. Faith, I can't blame your Caution, in so critical a Point, but I am glad I have it in my Power to serve you, not only for our old Acquaintance sake, but the Pleasure too of biting my Father; nay, I'll make him pay the very Musick to your Wedding: Is the Confort ready, Knight?

Sir Thr. Oh, Sir! we are half the Confort our selves; we two are the Tabor, and Pipe, that must make his Purse dance out of his Pocket.

Pris. Yes, Sir, you'll find us, & *cantare pares*, & *respondere parati*.

Y. Out. Say you so, my Lads; faith, we'll sing Harvest Home with a melodious Horn-Pipe.

Sir Thr. My Wife has engag'd to bring the Ladies.

Y. Out. And I'll undertake the young Coxcombs shall follow 'em.

Sir Thr. But 'tis time, Gentlemen, we were tuning our Instruments.

Y. Out. Let's away from the back Door. Adieu.

Pris. *Fistula dulce canit volucres dum decipit auceps.*

[Exit Y. Out. Sir Thr. and Pris.]

Enter Servants with a Banquet.

Cun. So! very well — Reach me the black Gown — Are none of the Guests come yet?

Serv. Yes, Sir, I believe there's one below in the Parlor now.

Cun. What is he?

Serv. Really, Sir, I can't be positive; but I suspect him to be a Fool, that some Pawn-broker's old Fashion Cloaths have made half a Gentleman: I think he said his Name was Simple.

Cun. The very Person I wanted, shew him up immediately.

Serv. He's here, Sir.

Cun. Ah! Monsieur Simple! most opportunely welcome! you are come in the very Crisis of your Revenge, I expect Sir Gregory every Minute! Well, how is it?

Sim. Perish me, Sir, if I am not in a very untoward Condition, for between Love, and Cold, and Hunger, and one thing or other I am really almost starv'd, Sir, — Pray, Sir, has not this unkind Lady sent for me yet?

Cun. Truly, not that I hear, Sir! I fancy there's some unfriendly Messenger employ'd between you.

Sim. Why then it must be so; for in all Appearances, I'm positive the Lady must be a Person of Honour; and cou'd not have

so little Wit, as to think to make a Fool of me—— But really I was never so cold since my first peeping into the World; that River is excessive bleak, and in my Conscience, I have been seven Mile in length upon the Banks of it; where really, Sir, I believe I have not seen less than five thousand Sticklebacks. And I am really of Opinion, that there are Gudgeons too— Miller's Thumbs I saw in vast Quantities, I believe I told above fourscore— I'll make a little bold with your Sweat-Meats.

Cun. And welcome, Sir.

Sim. 'Tis strange now, I have really no Taste in any thing.

Cun. O! Love, Sir, distracts every thing, but it self. [*Servant whispers.*] Udso! I have News for you.

Sim. For me! what is it for this Plumb's sake?

Cun. Nay, hear me, Sir.

Sim. I'll warrant you, Sir, I have two Ears to one Mouth, I hear more than I eat, Sir——

Cun. Sir Gregory's come, and you shall see him Fobb'd immediately.

Sim. No! that wou'd be an immoderate Pleasure.

Cun. Stand unseen there but two Minutes, and I'll find an opportunity to call you in and place you at the Table with the Lady I design to sham upon him.

Sim. Sir—— cou'd not I drink first?

Cun. By and by, I'll put her Health to you—— Here he comes away.

Enter Sir Gregory.

Sir Gregory! Your most faithful humble Servant. This is indeed the greatest Honour was ever done to my poor Habitation.

Sir Greg. 'Phoo!-prithee pox of Compliments, Man, I'll do thee this Honour every Day of the Week when I'm married, but my Head's upon other things now; for to tell you the truth, I am up to the Ears in Love and Spite.

Cun. St! the Lady's in the next Room—— if she shou'd hear you all's unravell'd.

Sir Greg. Ad! 'twas well you told me; for I was just going to baul out how terribly I shou'd laugh at her, when I have got her whether she will or no.

Cun. Oh! but don't use her too severely neither.

Sir Greg. No, no, I'll only vex her a little, or so.

Cun. Hang it ev'n forgive her all.

Sir Greg.

Sir Greg. No, faith! I must crab her, she must be Vinegar'd! I long dearly to fetch a little Verjuice out of her; for you know she has been damnable sawcy to me.

Cun. O! you'll soon tame her.

Sir Greg. So I will, faith, for before I bed her, I'll very fairly see her Legs tied to the two bottom Posts, her Hands to the Head-board, and a Gag in her Mouth, that she may neither kick, bite, baul, scratch, nor run away.

Cun. For all this, I shall see you and your Lady live as quietly as two Tortoises.

Sir Greg. Nay it's all one to me, whether we do or no; she may be a Tortoise, for ought I know at the bottom, but hitherto, I am sure, I have seen nothing of it in her, but a damn'd thick Shell.

Cun. Well, Sir! now to the Proof on't. ——— [*Soft Musick.*] That's the Signal of her Approach ——— Come, Sir, get into this Gown with me, put your right Hand through this Sleeve ——— Mind you your Part, and I'll warrant her your own.

Sir Greg. Well, faith! this will be pure! Now I begin to smock it; do you place her in that Chair, and I warrant you, I'll grope her out.

Cun. Here she comes ——— lie still.

Enter Mirabel.

Lady this homely Roof, and courser Entertainment, are too much honour'd by so fair a Presence; but where sincere Affections are both Host and Guest. The Place takes little from their full Delight.

Enter Simple.

This only Friend I have made bold to invite to be the private Witness of our contracted Faith.

Mir. Your Friend's most welcome, Sir, and when our Hands are link'd in that firm Chain, that must unite us ever: Fame shall belie my Virtue, if e'er it speaks me, but an obedient Wife; in witness of this Truth I yield my Hand.

Cun. And thus devoutly I receive it.

Mir. O! you grasp me, Sir, too hard.

Cun. Think it but a Lover's Zeal, and Pardon it. [*Aside.*

Mir. Poor Sir Gregory! methinks I pity him! how strangely wou'd he rave to see this Interview.

Cun.

Cum. O! you're still too much concern'd for him: You know he gave his Interest up to me, and shou'd you pity one that slight's you?

Mir. That Thought, indeed, revives my Resolution—— No more Delays then, but for ever make me yours.

Cum. Thus then——

Sim. Hold, Sir, begging your Fair Lady's pardon too— give me leave first, at least, in one friendly flowing Glass, to particularize my separate Satisfaction, that I conceive at this time in your united Felicity, and that ridiculous Animal, Sir Gregory's eternal Disappointment.

Mir. Since 'tis your Friend's Proposal, Sir, I pledge it. [*Drinks.*]

Cum. 'Twas kindly offer'd.

Sim. Destroy me, but such a Banquet once a Week, wou'd make me grow fat in a Fortnight. [*Aside.*] But, pray Sir, now proceed in your Ceremony.

Cum. Thus then— *Before the sacred Powers Above,*
I join this plighted Hand in Bonds of Love;
And with this Hand, the Heart that owns the same,
To burn for ever in this sacred Flame:
With Hand and Heart I yield my Fortune too,
And all the Rights that to a Wife are due:
And this firm Vow for mutual Life shall stand,
Irrevocably seal'd with Heart and Hand.

Sim. Well, now cou'd I walk bare-foot to Berwick, and back again, and laugh at this Jest all the Way, without Baiting. [*Aside.*]

Mir. Thus too— *Before the sacred Powers Above,*
I join this plighted Hand in Bonds of Love:
And with this Hand, the Heart that owns the same,
To burn for ever in this sacred Flame:
With Hand and Heart I yield my Fortune too,
And all the Rights that are a Husband's due:
And this firm Vow for mutual Life shall stand,
Irrevocably seal'd with Heart and Hand.

Sir Greg. Ha, ha, ha, Faith, and so it shall, Madam, for here's the Hand that owes the Heart that you have sworn to obey.

Cum. And, Faith, Sir Gregory, here's Witness of the Contract.

Sir Greg. Now, now, what Names have you to call me, pray?

Mir. Husband, Sir.

Sir Greg. [*Coming out of the Gown.*] Hay! Ods-nails! I am cheated, wrong'd, fool'd, abus'd.

Sim. Extremely fobb'd, indeed, Sir.

Cun. Why did not I tell you, Sir, you shou'd find her another Woman.?

Sim. Nay, she is not the same, Knight ——— I can witness, ha, ha.

Sir Greg. What the Devil, have you brought my own Man to laugh in my Face too ——— Sir, since she is not the same, I must tell you, I'll have another, if there were but another Lady in Europe: You'll find, Sir, that I won't be married in Blind-man's Buff.

Cun. Why, 'twas your own Agreement, Sir ——— And if you knew the Care I have taken of you, you'd down of your Knees, and thank your Stars it was no worse.

Sir Greg. A Fire of my Stars, I did not care if my Stars were all of a light blaze. I am sure I may thank you that 'tis as bad as it is.

Cun. Are not you ashamed! Your very Inhumanity has drawn Tears from the Lady.

Mir. Ah me! Is this the Promise of my Hopes? Why was I flatter'd with imaginary Joy? Must I suffer for another's Fault? Is Pride, Perverseness, and ill Usage then the only way to conquer Mens Affections? If Tears, Submission, Gentleness, and Obedience have no Charms, my Merit's poor indeed, and I deserve the Sights that I foresee must fall on me.

Sir Greg. Why, Faith, upon second Thoughts, this is something Civiller than *Rogue* and *Rascal*.

Cun. Ods-precious! Madam, dry your Eyes for shame! I have no longer Patience to see such Youth, Beauty, and such Vertue thrown away on one that never can deserye 'em ——— Go, Sir, return again to her that knows you better; that gives you Language fitter for you; that means to treat you to your Merit; to abuse, to baffle and disgrace you: *Fool, Slave, Rascal, Monster*, is the Converse you delight in: We sell no such Ware; if you look here for Blows, and full-mouth'd Curses, you are deceiv'd; pray, seek elsewhere ——— Meekness, Obedience, Vertue, are the Goods we deal in.

Sim. And, pray, Sir, has not your Wisdom yet discover'd the Party, for whose sake the other Lady so horribly abus'd you, ha, ha.

Sir Greg.

Sir Greg. Why you little sorry Son of a——— Hark-ye, *Cunningham*, do but make half as much a Fool of that whole *Jackanapes*, for laughing at me, and let things go as they will——— Here's my Hand, I'll forgive thee all over. [*Aside.*]

Cun. O Fie! Sir, your Mind can't be so soon alter'd. You'll like no Woman that won't fling a Slipper in your Face; break your Head with a Fan-handle, or bore your Nose with a silver Bodkin.

Mir. These Qualities you'll never find in me: But in a fond obedient Wife, the readiest and the humblest Servant.

Cun. 'Death! but he shall not, Madam; let his gross Ignorance feel the loss of you—— I've a Thought will do; I'll disanul this Contract yet, and see you better married.

Sir Greg. 'Slife! but you shall not, Sir, [*Taking her Hand from him.*] she's mine, and I am hers, and as long as we are one another's, according to Law, let me see the Man that dares divide us. If you are my Friend, Sir, prove it; and don't pretend to do me a good Turn, and then hit me o'the Teeth with it. I am sure, considering how damnable Ill I succeeded with the t'other, this Lady can't blame me for being a little cautious at first.

Mir. If it were only Caution, Sir, indeed I cannot blame you.

Cun. Nay, Sir, get the Lady's Consent, and I have no Objection——

Sir Greg. Lady's Consent! so I have, Sir—— Look-ye here, Sir—— [*Kisses her.*] there's my first Proof of Love to her—— And now, Madam, to stop the Mouth of my Friend's Impertinence for ever, give me a round Smack, as a Proof of your Love to me. There's for you, Sir; are you satisfied now, Sir? [*She kisses him.*]

Cun. Nay, now I own your Wit too hard for mine; indeed you have carry'd her, in spite of me.

Sim. And now, Sir, I hope you'll own there are Ladies that may be carry'd too in spite of other People, ha, ha.

Sir Greg. Ay, but it must be when thou'rt her Coachman then, for if ever thou carriest a Lady, without Horses to help thee, I'll be bound to be a Hack-Driver as long as I live.

Sim. Sir, There are Persons, indeed, that are ridiculous, and very obnoxious to Ladies, and such Fools, indeed, do miss of 'em——

Cun. Nay, no Dissention here, I beseech you, Gentlemen——
Mr. Simple, I'll do your Business effectually——

Sim. Sir, I'm convinc'd that my Conduct has deserv'd it ev'n of the Lady her self, Sir.

Cun. Sir Gregory, hark-ye—— you shall laugh at him very speedily——

Sir Greg. Ha, ha.

Cun. In the mean time, I have still contriv'd you a new and better Revenge upon your other Mistress.

Sir Greg. How! How! Dear Rogue, my Spleen's on tip-toe at the very Thoughts on't.

Cun. Why, let your Contract with this Lady be yet conceal'd; and, to her Uncle, still support a Face of seeming Inclination to her, which will make him so eager for the Match, that he'll e'en force her to offer her self to you; then may you burst into a Laugh in his Face; turn upon your Heel to her, and bid her look for a Husband where there is a Man Fool enough to be so: Thus you humble her proud Stomach; return her Coyness with Contempt, and treble all your late Disgraces upon her Shame; and let your Bride, her Rival's Vertue, triumph o'er her Falshood and her Folly.

Sir Greg. Ha, ha, and if I don't do it, say I have no more Spleen than a Cucumber. Faith, and I'll plague the old Fellow too, for he has us'd me almost as scurvily as his Niece. Come, Madam, let's to Bed, and so to Church as fast as ever we can drive.

And then, Madam Minx, to her sorrow shall see,

What a Husband she's lost in missing of me:

How my Spleen will be tickled, when she finds that to flout her,

I have bobb'd her proud Heart, and am married without her.

[Exit Sir Gregory and Mirabel.

Cun. Why, how now Friend! What! in a Brown-study?

Sim. Why, really, Sir, I am a little surpriz'd I don't hear from the Lady yet.

Cun. O! the good Minute will come before Night, my Life on't.

Sim. Well, Sir, Lovers indeed must have Patience. I'll e'en take another Turn by the New-River, where, if Love were not an Enemy to Laughter, the Thoughts of your fooling the Knight wou'd at least be a two Hours Entertainment to me: But I think now of borrowing an Angle-Rod, to pass away the time with; you know my Walk, Sir, if she sends, you'll certainly find me upon the same Bank, just by the Eddy, fishing for *Millers-bumbs*. [Exit

Cun. I'll certainly take care, Sir— [*Enter T. Outwit.*] Hah! *Outwit!* Well how go Squares?

Y. Out. Bravely Boy! All's a-foot: The Knight's Lady has prevail'd with my Cousin, your Mistress, upon an Assurance that you will meet her there; and she has wheedled the old *Governess* to go with her: And they are all now at the Masquerade, in the next Street; upon which I have alarm'd my Father, that Sir *Gregory* is fallen off, for Neglects, and ill Usage, and that he is now violently bent upon a rich Widow, (whom the Knight's Lady must personate) and to complete his Revenge, is resolv'd, unless suddenly prevented, to marry her immediately: Now this, Sir, will make my Father eager, at any Rate, to recover Sir *Gregory*, whom, by a Mark, and the change of one another's Coats, you are to personate; and so disguis'd, you carry off your Mistress, and ev'n cheat the old *Governess* to assist you.

Cun. Admirable! But where's the old Knight, your Father?

Y. Out. I left him in the Street, stopping a Coach, with the Windows up, upon a Suspicion that Sir *Gregory* was in the inside on't, and so took that Opportunity to step up, and prepare you for our next Scene—— Here he comes.

Cun. I am ready for him.

Enter Sir Oliver

Sir Ol. Mr. *Cunningham*, your Servant: Pray, Sir, can you tell me any News of Sir *Gregory*?

Cun. No, really, Sir, but what I suppose your Son has told you, that he's certainly gone off.

Sir Ol. But what shou'd be the Reason, think you?

Y. Out. Shall I tell it you over again, Sir? I tell you, he's bewitch'd; my Cousin's ill Usage, and your slack Performance of your Promise have quite turn'd his Brain, and if you don't immediately think of some Expedient to recover him, with full Hopes of his marrying your Niece out of Hand, you'll find him marry'd to the Widow before to morrow Morning.

Sir Ol. Ah! cou'd we but find him, I'd secure him my Niece.

Y. Out. Assure him but of that, Sir, I dare yet undertake to recover the Knight; for, to tell you the truth, he has invited me to his Wedding, and I am this moment trusted with their very Place of meeting.

Sir Ol. Nay, then, all's whole again; we have him, for I have already sent to my Niece, to prepare her self to marry him within

this half Hour—— Come, come, we'll call upon Doctor *Double-Chin* as we go; whip up the Ceremony, and tack 'em together like a new Pair of Stockings.

Y. Out. Right, Sir, but one of the Stockings is mine: Now since you have already bargain'd for yours, I shall not part with the t'other without a valuable Consideration.

Sir Ol. What doest thou mean?

Y. Out. That my Knight, Sir, is the Fellow to your *Niece*, and if you sell him her, I must sell you him.

Sir Ol. 'Pshaw, prithee, why you silly Rogue, dost thou think I won't consider thee.

Y. Out. Sir, you need not give your self that trouble; I'll consider my self; for having nothing but my Wits to live by, I am resolv'd not to starve, by being a Fool.

Cun. This is no Time to haggle with him, Sir.

Sir Ol. Why the Rogue is in the right, and I will encourage him; I love Ingenuity—— there, Sirrah, there's Subistence for the Vices of a whole Fortnight—— Come, come along.

Y. Out. Sir, I can't stir one step, if these two Pieces are not immediately made twenty.

Cun. Strike him quickly, Sir, before he raises his Price.

Sir Ol. Raises the Devil, Sir, who shall raise the Money?

Y. Out. Every Word you speak, Sir, is a whole Pound out of your way: now I must have one and twenty.

Cun. I told you how 'twou'd be, Sir.

Sir Ol. Why you impudent Son of a ——

Y. Out. Another, Sir—— twenty two.

Sir Ol. Um!

Y. Out. Have a care you don't reason with me, 'twill undo you.

Cun. You see his Humour, Sir: Faith e'en let him have it, tho' you fling it at his Head—— The thing's richly worth an hundred, Sir. [*Aside.*]

Sir Ol. [*Aside.* Why dost thou think I don't know that? I am biting him all this while—— There, Sirrah, there's your Money: Nay, prithee, don't lose more time to count it.

Y. Out. Always tell Money after your Father, Sir.

Enter a Servant hastily.

Sir Ol. How now?

Serv. O! Sir, Mrs. *Lucinda* is no where to be found; we have enquir'd up and down, search'd high and low; she went out with a strange

a strange Lady, Sir, and the old *Governess*, and left word with Mrs. *Mary*, that if your Honour enquir'd for her, she believ'd she shou'd never come home again.

Sir Ol. Undone, undone, all's blown up again.

Y. Out. The Money's right, Sir.

Cun. This is a Misfortune, indeed Sir.

Sir Ol. Ah! Son! Son! now shew thy self my Son: Help at this Pinch; and I'll——

Y. Out. Count me out thirty Pieces more, Sir—— without delay—— take my word too for deserving 'em, for I must begin to have some regard now to my Credit; Sir— Quick, Sir, or I don't bate you a Shilling of forty.

Cun. Faith, Sir, this is downright Extortion, I am really asham'd—— I wou'd not give it him.

Sir Ol. You wou'd not give it him——! Then you'd lose a thousand Pound, Sir— There, there 'tis, bring me but to my *Niece*; if it is not right, I'll double the Sum.

Y. Out. Then, observe, Sir, your *Niece* is now in Masquerade, at my Lady *Revels*, which is the general Rendezvous of all the young Coxcombs in Town: She has an Amour a-foot there, to my knowledge, that you don't know of, and very probably intends, this Night, to make a fashionable End on't.

Sir Ol. The Devil!

Y. Out. Suspend your wonder, Sir: You'd recover her, wou'd not you?

Sir Ol. O! Dear Son, at any Rate; at any Rate.

Y. Out. Then observe, Sir, we three, with such Help as may be necessary, will all enter upon 'em disguis'd, (for nobody bare-fac'd is admitted) pretending to be a sort of Anti-mask, and so, at a proper Opportunity, (which I'll contrive) we may carry her off.

Sir Ol. Won't this Masking take up too much time tho'?

Y. Out. Sir, they never stir thence till Morning: And for Disguises, I can fit you in a quarter of an Hour.

Sir Ol. Well, well, is there nothing else wanting?

Y. Out. Only the charge of good Musick, Sir; it must be good, that we and our Design may pass the less suspected; and I can provide you that, Sir, if you'll give your Word, before this Gentleman, to pay it.

Sir Ol. There's my Hand, cost what it will; get the best in the Kingdom, I'll pay it all.

Y. Out.

Y. Out. That's all you shall pay, upon my Word, Sir.

Cun. [*Aside.*] And a good round Sum, upon my Word, Sir!

Sir Ol. Let's away; let's away. [*Exeunt.*]

Cun. I neither doubt his Friendship, or his Wit:

But come the worst, if his Attempts o'erthrow,

My Resolution then shall seize my own.

Enter in Masquerade, Lady Gentry, Niece, Governess, and Ladies.

L. Gen. Come, Ladies, Musick shall give us now her airy Welcome; 'twill be the best, I fear, this homely Habitation can afford.

Niece. For me, alas! my Welcome follows me, else I am ill come hither: You still assure me, Madam, Mr. *Cunningham* will be here.

L. Gen. Madam, as on his Life, depend on't.

Niece. Continue still to let the *Governess* believe Sir *Gregory's* the Man we wait for.

Gov. I marvel, Lady, the Knight's so slow in coming! Lovers o' th' latter Age were wont to ride with Spurs on.

L. Gen. He'll be here immediately— his Musick's come already, Madam— He only stays to be perfect in some gallant Device to appear with, that he has been beating his Brains about.

Niece. Ah! poor Man! He may beat 'em to Pap before any thing comes out of 'em.

Gov. Well, well, you'll agree better one Day.

Niece. Hardly two, I'm afraid.

Gov. Marriage will alter you.

Niece. I rather believe I shall alter my Marriage. [*Aside.*]

Gov. Nay, nay, I know you are for a Man of Wit, Forsooth: A *Cunningham*, I warrant you, one that has no more Honesty than a Horse-Courser, and as little Conscience as an Apothecary's-Bill: A false protesting Wretch: In my Heart, our Women are all won with ill Usage, now a Days.

L. Gen. Truly, and so are the Men too, for ought I see.

Gov. Ah! in Troth, you've hit it, Lady— if true heartedness were the Thing, Mr. *Cunningham* might have prov'd himself an honest Man a-fore now, and some Folks never the worse for't.

L. Gen. Nay, Men are indeed strange Creatures.

Gov. Ah! they are no more what they were——

Niece. Than you can be what I am now, *Governess*.

Gov. Well, well, you'll be wiser one Day.

Niece. I'd willingly be happy first, methinks.

Gov. Then Sir *Gregory's* the Man must make you so, and say I tell you so.

Niece.

Niece. If I do but manage him right, I hope he will.

L. Gen. Hark! I hear his Musick; this must be he. [*Flourish.*
[*Enter Sir Oliver, T. Outwit, Cunningham in Sir Gregory's Cloaths,*
all mask'd, Sir Threadbare and Pris. as Musicians, &c. who take
out the Ladies to dance.] So, so, our Company's well increas'd!
What say you to a Dance, Ladies.

Niece. What say you, *Governess*?

Gov. Nay, nay, not I in Troth— my jaunting Days are done.

Sir Ol. Come, come, Widow, you won't spoil good Company,
sure! We'll have one Round in Honour of Sixty three. Ah! you
can foot it still, if you were but well stir'd.

Gov. Well, well, a civil Word makes me do any thing.

Sir Ol. That I dare swear, by your bringing my *Niece* hither,
with a Pox to you. [*Aside.*

Cun. I think, *Lucinda*.

Niece. *Cunningham*!

Cun. The same; fear nothing.

Niece. Why, where's the Danger?

Cun. Your Unkle's here.

Niece. You make me tremble.

Cun. Be easie, he's drawn into the Plot against himself.

Y. Out. That's your *Niece*, Sir, *Cunningham* has secur'd her already.

Sir Ol. I see't: We have caught her, i'faith, Boy.

Y. Out. Will you allow me Wit now, Father?

Sir Ol. Thou hast earn'd thy Money faithfully, I must allow it.

Y. Out. I hope to give you a better Proof on't yet, before Night,
Sir.

Sir Ol. Let me but get over this Plunge, and I'll allow thee
any thing.

Y. Out. That I'll engage you shall, Sir, before I have done
with you.

Cun. At our second meeting in the Dance, we lose our Hands
no more.

Niece. Are you prepar'd to join 'em?

Cun. The Priest stays for us: Has the *Governess* her Lesson?

Niece. Yes, yes, she takes you for *Sir Gregory*, and will follow us.

Gov. Ah! well said, Sir Knight, stick close to her, and recover
the Time you've lost— We have staid this Hour for you.

Cun. When you see us go off in the Dance, I hope you'll go
along with us?

Gov. Will I! What do you think I came hither for?

Sir Ol. Come, come, strike up Gentlemen.

*All dance, at the latter end of which, Cunningham, Niece,
La. Gen. and Governess, Exit, and the Musick ceases.*

Sir Ol. [*Dancing on.*] Heyday! Heyday! What is the Musick
tir'd before us?

Sir Thr. No, Sure, bote de Company 'ave done, you see, and
is be gone.

Sir Ol. Ha! Who! What! Where's my Niece? Son! Son! my
Niece! my Niece!

Y. Out. Are you mad, Sir, to discover your self: Did not you
see Cunningham go off with her?

Sir Ol. Discover the Devil; don't tell me, Sir, was not I to
have gone along with him; for ought I know here may be a Con-
trivance— Hay! I-gad I don't like your Looks, I must tell you
that, Sir— By the World I'll go after 'em. [*Going, Sir Thr. and*
Pris. stop him.]

Sir Thr. Holda, Sir, Diabolo, you moſte paye de Mouſique
before you fall goe.

Sir Ol. Must! Why how now Scoundrel!

Sir Thr. Me no ondraſtanda what you vil ſay de Scondrel Me:
vil hava de Money.

Sir Ol. Suppose I won't pay you theſe five Hours.

Sir Thr. Den you ſall no be goe diſ five Hores.

Sir Ol. Shalln't go, Sir!

Sir Thr. No, Diabolo, you no ſall goe.

Sir Ol. Why, Sirrah, ſuppoſe I have a mind to make you play
before me in the Streets?

Sir Thr. I hava maka no Accord to play de Street, I ava agree
to play only at de Ballat; if you no ava de minde to danca no
more, you vil paye de Money, de Money vil letta you goe.

Sir Ol. A Pox on him for a ſputtering— a— here, Son, lay out;
give 'em Twelve-pence a piece, and let's be rid of 'em.

Y. Out. Twelve-pence! that's but a Crown, Sir!

Sir Thr. Una Corona! Ha, ha, ha.

Sir Ol. Yah, yah. Why, what a plague do you laugh at, Sir?
I believe a Crown wou'd make you all laugh and dance too in
your own Country.

Y. Out. Sir, for your own ſake laugh again, and ſay you only
meant it as a Jeſt, you'll be expoſ'd for ever elſe.

Sir Ol.

Sir Ol. Expose a Rump, Sir; I am not to be laugh'd out of my Money.

Y. Out. Death! Sir, they are all *Italians*.

Sir Ol. Why, what then, Sir, mayn't an *Italian* be a Scoundrel, as well as an *Englishman*?

Y. Out. Lurd! Sir, I wou'd not have this heard for the Universe: Does not the whole Nation adore 'em, Sir? Is any Man allow'd common Sense, among the better Sort, that is not ravish'd with their Musick? And is any thing a more fashionable Mark of a Gentleman, than to pay an extravagant Price for't?

Sir Ol. A Pox of the Fashion, Sir, they'll get no such Marks from me, I can tell you—— If any thing in Reason will satisfie 'em—— let's know what 'tis—— for I'm in haste.

Y. Out. I'll try what I can do with 'em, Sir.

Sir Ol. [To himself.] What cou'd they mean by going off without me? Unless my *Niece* discover'd my being here, and so ran away out of fear—— that's the best I can hope of it—— if not, I am chous'd, and that Rogue, my Son, is at the bottom of it.

Y. Out. Nay, but Gentlemen, bate us but one ten Pound.

Sir Ol. How! Bate ten Pound! why, what the Devil's the whole Sum then?

Y. Out. Why, Sir, they are Five of 'em, and it seems they never strike a Note under twenty Guineas a Man.

Sir Ol. Twenty Hang-Dogs!

Y. Out. And, Faith, there's no making 'em bate a Shilling, Sir.

Sir Ol. Oones! do they know what they say, why that's a hundred Guineas?

Y. Out. How, Sir! A hundred! what at—— hay! Five of 'em at twenty—— let's see—— um—— um—— fourscore—— Gad 'tis a hundred, Sir. But we had not time to make a Bargain, with 'em: Faith, Sir, I see no Remedy, you pass'd your Word to pay 'em.

Sir Thr. Diabolo! For vate is all dis, doe nothing? Me vil be no affronta—— Me vil ava de Money, or you fall ava my Life—— taka your Spada. [Draws.]

Y. Out. Have a care, Sir.

Sir Ol. Hoity, Toity! O your Servant, Gentlemen! What I am to be robb'd then, it seems. I beg your pardon—— I took you for Fiddlers, but I find by your Tools you are Gentlemen of another Trade—— Very good! There's your Money, Sir—— as fairly robb'd, I yield it—— but to ask a hundred Pound with five

Fiddlesticks in your Hands, was an Impudence ten times beyond it—— These are Thieves, Sirrah—— Highwaymen, and I am robb'd.

T. Out. Indeed, Musicians, Sir, and you are only bobb'd; for cost what it wou'd, 'twas your own Agreement to pay 'em.

Sir Ol. Yes, yes, and you have provided 'em with admirable Instruments, I thank you.

Y. Out. Sir, the Gentlemen are taking their Leaves.

Sir Ol. O your Servant! your Servant, Gentlemen—— You are damnably well bred, I must confess—— but 'tis no matter, some body shall pay for't, let me but recover my *Niece*, and *Sir Gregory* shall find it all in his Bill, faith.

Enter Governess.

Gov. Oh! *Sir Oliver*! undone, undone.

Sir Ol. So! she's robb'd too, I hope.

Gov. O! Sir, my Heart-strings are broke—— I have scarce Life left to tell you the Misfortune.

Sir Ol. Misfortune! Why what the Devil's the matter with thee, thou hast not been ravish'd, hast thou?

Gov. Ah! Sir, wou'd that were the worst on't! Your *Niece*! your *Niece*! Sir.

Sir Ol. What! broke her Leg?

Gov. O worse, worse! she has broke all Bonds of Obedience, and is most notoriously——

Sir Ol. With Child.

Gov. Married, Sir.

Sir Ol. The Devil!

Gov. To that abandon'd false Dissembler, *Cunningham*.

Sir Ol. Then wou'd she were with Child—— But who was the Priest? for first I'll hang him.

Gov. E'en your own Kinsman, Sir, Mr. *Credulous Outwit*, that you design'd for the *Welch* Benefice.

Sir Ol. Good! I sav'd him from one Halter, and he has helpt my *Niece* to another—— Hast thou any more ill News?

Gov. And *Sir Gregory* is married too.

Sir Ol. To my *Niece* too, I hope, and then I may hang her.

Gov. No, Sir, to my Daughter; she's *Lady Goose* now, and that's all I have left to comfort me—— And see where they come all in a Cluster——

Enter

Enter Sir Gregory, and Mirabel, Cunningham, and Niece, Young Outwit, Lady Gentry, Sir Threadbare, Priscian, and Mr. Credulous.

Sir Ol. Hey day! Rebellion in Triumph! see what your Care's come to now Mr. Politick? Where's your Wit at a Pinch now, Sir?

Y. Out. Here! here in this full Purse, Sir.

Sir Ol. Very fine! so you have been in the bottom of all this Roguery against me, and I am fairly cheated.

Y. Out. To your Hearts content, Sir, thanks to the little Wit your Fatherly Folly turn'd a Grazing.

Sir Ol. Umph!

Sir Greg. Wit! ha, ha, ha, why didst thou ever pretend to it, old Knight.

Sir Ol. 'Tis time I shou'd give it over indeed, when thou ask'd that Question.

Sir Greg. Ha, ha, why you are crabb'd, old Unkle, that wou'd ha' been.

Sir Ol. And you are married to a great Fortune, that shou'd ha' been.

Sir Greg. Yes, yes, if Rogue, Slave, Rascal, Kicks, Thumps, and Bobbs of the Face were to be coin'd, she wou'd have been a devilish Fortune indeed; 'liffe, Sir, I wou'd not have had her with that Flint-hearted Tongue of hers, though she were stuck all o'er with Diamonds, tho' her Backside were all beaten Gold, her Eyes to drop nothing but Pearls, and the rest of her Rocks to make Wine instead of Hoghead's of fair Water.

Cun. That I dare swear she wou'd not, Sir, if it had been only in pure Friendship to me.

Sir Greg. Nay, faith, I wish thou hadst 'scap'd her too, and then she might have been eaten up with the Green-sickness: Look you, Sir, in short, I have made this Gentlewoman a Lady, in spite to her, and have married her in spite to you, and will love her, in love to my self, and to let you all see what Honour she has mis'd the being Mother of, before to Morrow Morning, I'll so spur up my Knighthood that I'll get her with Squire.

Niece. Well, Sir Gregory, you have made me so heartily 'sham'd of my Folly, that from henceforth, I am resolv'd here to give my self up to Love, Gentleness, and resign'd Obedience.

Sir Greg. Ay, ay, this is afore your Unkle's Face! but for all that, who will have a Plaister upon his Forehead afore Morning?

Y. Out. You see, Sir, all's irrecoverable—— Nothing thrives but what I have a Hand in—— You had better allow me two hundred a Year, than so much a Week.

Sir Ol. O! I cannot think of parting with any thing before I die.

Y. Out. Then I shall certainly think of nothing but your Death, Sir.

Sir Ol. Peace, I say — I'll think again.

Sir Greg. Well, *Cunningham*, now I proclaim thee a Man of thy word; for I think I have sufficiently spited my Mistress, and have as heartily sower'd the old Gentleman! look how she looks! And now if I cou'd but plague my Man *Simple* a little, the full Joys of my Spleen wou'd be compleat —

Cun. That you may do immediately, for here he comes.

Enter Simple, with an Angle-rod.

You, Madam, must join with us. [*To Niece.*]

Sir Greg. Ha, ha, ha, why, how now, *Sam! Sam! Boy!* What hast thou been bobbing for Gregs, and in the mean time, let thy Mistress slip through thy Fingers like an Eel, ha, ha, ha.

Sim. Gudgeons indeed are easier taken; for I hear this Lady, d'e observe me has caught you, Sir — But really my Business at present is with this Lady.

Niece. Away, ungrateful Man.

Cun. Hark you, Sir, 'tis now too late to expostulate: The Lady I find is betray'd as well as you; it seems she sent above a dozen times to you, and the false Brother, that was employ'd between you, as often brought word you wou'd be with her in a Quarter of an Hour.

Sim. Sir, if I have seen any living Creature, but a few Miller's Thumbs, since I last saw you, I wish this Angle-Rod might never go through me.

Cun. What ill Fate was this? Why, Sir, the Lady took it so to Heart, that out of pure spite to her ill Fortune, she is really married to another.

Sim. Why then perish my Heart, Sir, if I don't pity her —— Yet if she has undone her self, she may thank her self for't —— I cou'd do no more than I cou'd do —— I kept my word, if she wou'd not believe it, 'twas her own Fault, she might have had Patience to have spoke with a Man tho',

Cun.

Cun. That was a Fault indeed, Sir.

Sim. Nay, extreemly Faulty — Day and Night she might have commanded me, and that she knew well enough, I told her so between her and I — Madam, says I, when you find your self never so little uneasy at my being from you, do but send me the least word, I'll come and relieve you in an Instant, and because a Fellow has play'd the Rascal with us, for her to go and throw her self away upon this, and that, and t'other, and I can't tell what — 'Pshaw! it was idly done; could not she have come to me her self? And have been satisfied?

Cun. That had done it, Sir.

Sim. To a hair, Sir — but when People will follow their own Fancies —

Cun. Well! sure never couple so narrowly miss'd of one another.

Sim. And as it was, Sir, you saw I was within one of her, I was sure all the while I was between the Knight and home — Poor Creature it really gives me a Concern to see her take on so.

Cun. And yet I can't but say, Sir, her undoing, is her own doing.

Sim. But you'll find, Sir, the thing will really reflect upon me in the end; I shall hear of it, as I go along the Streets: People won't consider it was not my Fault — But will cry there goes the Ill-natur'd Gentleman, upon whose Account the Lady flung her self away — I shall certainly be blam'd about this. Foolish Woman. — Beside, Sir, I am really under a great Disappointment my self; for here have I turn'd my self out of my Place upon her Account; and now, Sir, instead of this, and that, and t'other, let me perish, if I know where to eat.

Mir. Alas, poor Gentleman! Come, Sir, shall I speak a good word for you?

Sim. Really, Madam, my Temper is such, I don't know how to refuse a Lady any thing.

Mir. O, Sir *Gregory* must be Friends with you.

Sir Greg. Well, *Sam!* what hast thou to say now, Boy.

Sim. Why really, Sir, I don't well know, but, methinks, here I don't know, things have been very odly contriv'd, Sir; but the short of the matter is really this, since the Party we lately disputed of seems to be otherwise dispos'd of, that is to say, since you have miss'd of the Lady, and I really have not got her, I think it would not be improper if we two shou'd take one another again.

Sir

The Rival Fools.

Sir Greg. Well, well, Sam, with all my Heart, a match, Boy.

Sim. Madam, I thank you — And really the thing is much easier than it was. — Pray, Sir, where do you dine?

Y. Out. Nay, Sir, take it your own way — For my part I shall but lose by this Allowance — I have not fought out half my Weapons, yet, Sir — Besides, Sir, I have a way of Fighting invisible, many a Polt have you had within these twelve Hours, Sir, without knowing who it came from.

Sir Ol. How! make that appear, and I'll say someting to thee.

Y. Out. *Imprimis*, to let you see how profoundly your Apprehension was asleep, Sir, I fairly struck five pieces out of you for these Gentlemen Beggars, of which Bounty your humble Servant was the first publick Example, and private Sharer. You may remember, Sir, when you admir'd our speaking Greek and Syriack, we were then only saying in vile Gibberish, that we wou'd not stir till we had pick'd your Pocket.

Sir Ol. But was that Wit your own, Sir?

Y. Out. 'Pshaw! a slight Preface to the Volumes that are to follow.

Sir Ol. How!

Y. Out. What think you of a certain hundred Pieces given to redeem your Favourite Nephew, from the Hands of a Constable for being concern'd in a certain Robbery? which was indeed no Robbery, no Constable, no Thief, nothing real, but Top, Sides and Bottom, a fair Bite all over, Sir. And, lastly, Sir, this memorable hundred Pounds worth of Musick, which to crown my Triumph, Sir, are very generously return'd to play just one Dance at my Cousin *Cunningham's* Wedding.

Sir Ol. Well, Boy, since thou hast satisfied me I have no Fool to my Son, I'll now let the World see, thou hast a wise Man to thy Eather — Give me the Wringing — There's my Hand to it — And now strike up Musick —

Wit shou'd be try'd before it claims regard.

Y. Out. *But fairly prov'd, like mine shou'd find reward.*

FINIS